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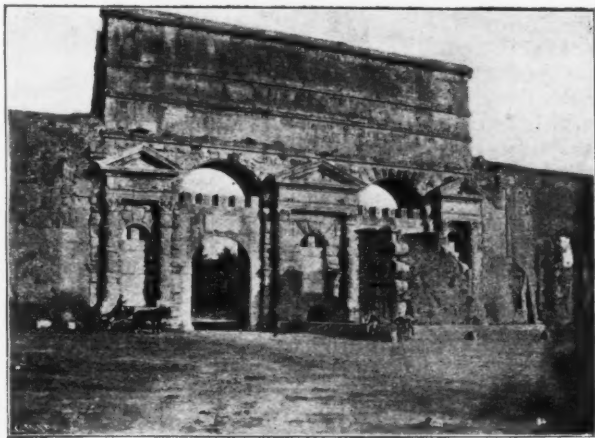
ROME REVISITED.

(Continued from page 139.)

A CITY OF CONTRASTS.

APRIL 19th, 1894.—A little drive which we took this afternoon, and also our morning walk, have brought forcibly home to us the truth of Henri Taine's criticism that Rome is *par excellence* "a city of contrasts." He says:—

countering nobody—not even a cart. At long intervals an iron-knobbed gate appears under a low arch, the secret exit of some extensive garden. You turn to the left, and enter a street of shops, with garrets swarming with ragged *canaille*, and dogs



PORTA MAGGIORE AND TOMB OF EURYSACES, ROME, 1894.

"On leaving, for example, a noisy, animated street, you skirt for a quarter of an hour an enormous wall, oozing with moisture and encrusted with mosses, en-

rummaging in heaps of offal. It terminates in front of the richly sculptured portal of some over-decorated church, a sort of ecclesiastical *bijou* fallen upon a

dunghill. Beyond this the sombre, deserted streets again resume their wonted development. Glancing suddenly through an open gateway, you see a group of laurels and rows of clipped box, and a population of statues, surrounded by jets of spouting water. A cabbage market displays itself at the base of an antique column; booths, protected by red umbrellas, stand against the façade of a ruined temple, and on emerging from a cluster of churches and hovels, you perceive plots of verdure, vegetable gardens, and beyond these a broad section of the Campagna."

And if this was true when Taine saw Rome in 1864, (30 years ago), it is ten times more true now, when Rome has become in many ways a modern capital, like Berlin or Paris, though she yet retains so much of that flavour of the antique and the classical as must always distinguish her from these comparatively youthful (?) cities.

For instance, in our drive to-day past the six-storied boulevard residences that flank the Via Carlo Alberto and the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele [there is always a "Victor Emmanuel Place" in an Italian town, just as surely as there is a "Washington" or a "Liberty" in every State of the American Union], we came, at the Porta Maggiore, upon a queer old tomb, which suddenly carried us back at least 2,000 years, into Republican Rome.

It is the tomb of a baker named Eurysaces, who describes himself thereon as "a public purveyor of bread and an official," meaning (I suppose,) that he was, "by appointment, baker to the City Corporation," or something of that sort. He evidently erected the tomb during his lifetime, and it is a curiosity, even in this city of curious tombs. The sides represent grain measures, laid alternately in vertical and horizontal rows, and the frieze is covered with reliefs, telling

the whole story of a baker's work from the reaping and binding of the corn to the baking of the loaves and their distribution from the oven to the customer.

There used to be on the front a bas-relief, representing the baker and his wife Atistia, and an inscription stating that her mortal remains were deposited "in this bread basket;" but both relief and inscription have been most stupidly removed to the opposite side of the road.

We had a still stronger contrast last Tuesday, as we were driving out the Appian Way—"that magnificent street of tombs," as Frederika Bremer calls it—to get a nearer view of the tomb of Cecilia Metella, which, thus far, we had seen only from afar as a striking feature in the landscape.

It happened to be the day of the races at Capanelle, the "Woodbine Park" of Rome; and as we poor pilgrims from the western wilds drove musingly along the ancient highway by which SS. Paul and Luke and Aristarchus made their entry into Rome, the *elite* of the Roman society of A.D. 1894 began to pass us on their way to these races.

Apart from the contrast, the scene was striking enough—a splendid turnout and *very* English—English horses, English coachmen, English four-in-hands. The procession included even an old-fashioned mail-coach of the style which run from the "White Horse Cellars" in Piccadilly, with guard, etc., all *comme il faut*. The ladies' toilettes, however, were not English—they were distinctly Parisian.

• THE "STREET OF TOMBS."

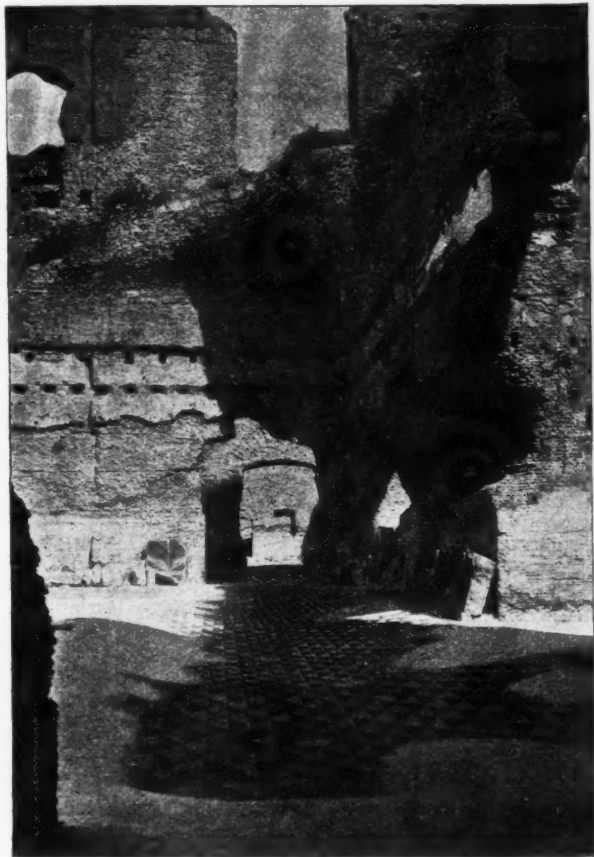
So much for the contrast:—now I must tell you about our drive. Our first stopping-place was within the walls, at the Baths of Caracalla—to my mind one of the most interesting ruins in Rome, and certainly, after the Colosseum, the most imposing. Here again we realized the justice of Taine's

criticism. Down a long dusty road, flanked by blank vineyard walls,—then up one of those Roman lanes that look as if they could lead to nothing but a rubbish heap or a horse pond; and, behold, we descended at a great portal, and entered the mighty ruins of one of the greatest clubs that ever was

of Diocletian, in the Piazza delle Terme.

"Imagine a club like the Athenæum of London—a palace open to everybody, and which, besides supplying intellectual wants, supplied those of the body; people resorting to it not only to read books and journals, to contem-

plate works of art, to listen to poets and philosophers, to converse and to discuss, but also to swim, to bathe, to scrub, to perspire, and even to run and wrestle, or, at all events, to enjoy the performance of those who did." These Baths covered an area of two and a half millions of square yards, and their entire circuit, including the adjoining *stadium*, or race-course and circus, is said to have been five miles and a half. No wonder old Ammianus Marcellinus said that "The Roman baths were like provinces." They were supplied with water by an aqueduct specially built for the purpose, and could ac-



BATHS OF CARACALLA.

on earth. No modern club can be named in the same breath with such magnificent memorials of the luxurious days of the later Empire as these Baths of Caracalla, and the still larger but not so magnificent Baths

commodate 1,600 bathers at once. The ruins of eight great halls have been traced, as well as those of many smaller rooms. These rooms are now identified as the *palaestra*, where the boxing matches took place;

the *frigidarium*, or cold bath; the *tepidarium*, or hot bath; the *sudatorium* (Turkish bath); the anointing (or shampooing) rooms; the women's bath; the gallery of statuary, whence the Farnese Hercules, and other celebrated statues, (now chiefly at Naples,) have been dug up, and the *pinacotheca* (picture gallery).

"The walls of these lofty apartments were covered with curious mosaics, which imitated the art of the pencil in elegance of design, and in the variety of their colours. The Egyptian granite was beautifully encrusted with the precious green marble of Numidia. Perpetual streams of hot water were poured into the capacious basins, through so many wide mouths of bright, massy silver, and the meanest Roman could purchase with a small copper coin the daily enjoyment of a scene of pomp and luxury which might excite the envy of the kings of Asia.

Let us follow one of the elegant youths of Rome into the great *thermae*. He is welcomed at his entrance by the *ostiarius*, or porter, a tall, majestic fellow, with a sword at his side, and by the *capsarius*, or wardrobe-keeper, who takes charge of his wraps. Then follows a general salutation and kissing of friends, exchange of the last topics and scandals of the day, reading of the newspapers, or *acta diurna*. The visitor then selects the kind of bath which may suit his particular case—cold, tepid, warm, shower, or perspiration bath. The bath over, the real business begins,—*e.g.*, taking a constitutional up and down the beautiful grounds, indulging in athletic sports, or simple gymnastics to restore circulation and to prepare himself for the delights of the table. The luxurious meal finished, the gigantic club-house could supply him with every kind

of amusement,—libraries, concerts, literary entertainments, reading of the latest poems or novels, shows, conversation with the noblest and most beautiful women. Very often a second bath was taken to prepare for the evening meal. All this could be done by three or four thousand persons at one and the same time, without confusion or delay, because of the great number of servants and slaves attached to the establishment."

A winding stair leads to the top of the walls, which are worth ascending, as well to gain an idea of the vast size of the ruins as for the lovely views you gain of the Campagna. It was here that Shelley wrote his "Prometheus Unbound." He says in his preface:—

"This poem was chiefly written on the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, among the flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees which extend in ever-winding labyrinths upon its immense platforms and dizzy arches. The bright blue sky of Rome, and the new life with which, in this divinest climate, the vigorous awakening spring drenches the spirit even to intoxication, were the inspiration of the drama."

Leaving the Baths of Caracalla, and passing some interesting old churches (which I shall not pause even to name, lest you should have a surfeit of churches), the tomb of the Scipios, and what Dr. Forbes believes to be the tombs of Tryphena and Tryphosa (Rom. xvi. 12), Onesimus (Phile. x), and Epaphras, "my fellow prisoner," (Phile. xxiii), we pass under the great Arch of Drusus, "the most perfect existing monument of the Augustan age," and drive out through the city wall by the gate of St. Sebastian, upon the Appian Way.

Five minutes from the gate, just where the road divides the two, is the

Church of *Domine quo vadis*, with its beautiful legend, told by St. Ambrose: vaults are almost always dry and the air pure.

"After the burning of Rome, Nero threw upon the Christians the accusation of having fired the city. Thus originated the first persecution, in which many perished by many and hitherto unheard-of deaths. The Christian converts besought St. Peter not to expose his life. As he fled along the Appian Way he was met by a vision of our Saviour travelling towards the city. Struck with amazement, he exclaimed: '*Domine quo vadis*' ('Lord, whither goest thou?')—to which the Saviour, looking at him with mild sadness, replied: '*I go to Rome to be crucified again,*' and vanished. St. Peter immediately returned to the city and to death."

Not far beyond the Church of *Domine quo vadis* our driver suddenly pulls up beside the gate of a vineyard, where several other carriages are waiting, and tells us that we have arrived at the catacombs of St. Calixtus, the largest and most interesting in the neighbourhood of Rome. In a few minutes we have entered our names in a book, paid our franc apiece, and received our long, curly wax candles (*cerini*), from the hands of a young French Trappist monk, a man fairly brimming over with jokes and laughter, and the very antipodes of what we had expected in a Trappist monk, and especially in one chosen as a guide to the burial places of the early Roman saints and martyrs. Notwithstanding any previous impressions to the contrary (drawn, perhaps, in part from Hawthorne), we know now that all descriptions of dangers attending a visit to the Catacombs, if accompanied by a guide, and provided with *cerini*, are entirely imaginary. Neither does the visitor suffer from cold; the temperature of the catacombs is mild and warm; the

"The Roman catacombs; a name consecrated by long usage, but having no etymological meaning, and not a very determinate geographical one—are a vast labyrinth of galleries excavated in the bowels of the earth, in the hills around the Eternal City—not in the hills in which the city itself was built, but in those beyond the walls. Their extent is enormous. Not as to the amount of superficial soil that they underlie—for they rarely if ever pass beyond the third milestone from the city—but in the actual length of their galleries, for these are often excavated on various levels or planes, three, four, or even five, one above the other; and they cross and re-cross one another sometimes at short intervals on each of these levels; so that on the whole there are certainly not less than 350 miles of them; that is to say, that if stretched out in one continuous line they would extend the whole length of Italy itself. The galleries are from two to four feet in width, and vary in height according to the nature of the rock in which they are dug. The walls on both sides are pierced with niches like shelves in a book-case or berths in a steamer, and every niche once contained one or more dead bodies. At various intervals this succession of shelves is interrupted for a moment that room may be made for a doorway opening into a small chamber. The walls of these chambers are generally pierced with graves in the same way as the galleries.

These vast excavations once formed the ancient Christian cemeteries of Rome. They were begun in Apostolic times, and continued to be used as burial places of the faithful till the capture of

the city by Alaric in A. D. 410. In the third century, the Roman Church numbered twenty-five or twenty-six of them, corresponding with the number of her parishes within the city, and besides these there are about twenty others of smaller dimensions—isolated monuments of special martyrs, or belonging to this or that private family or individual, the villas or gardens in which they were dug being the property of wealthy citizens who had embraced the faith of Christ and devoted their substance to His service. Hence their most ancient titles were taken merely from the names of their lawful owners, many of which still survive.

It has always been believed by men of learning who have had an opportunity of examining these excavations, that they were used exclusively by the Christians as a place of burial and of holding religious assemblies. Modern research has now placed it beyond a doubt that they were not deserted sand-pits or quarries adapted to Christian uses, but a development (with important modifications) of a form of sepulture not altogether unknown among the heathen families of Rome and in common use among the Jews, and elsewhere."—*Northcote and Brownlow, "Roma Sotterranea."*

Our cheerful guide first took us to the Chapel of the Popes, a place of burial and of worship, where the graves of at least ten popes of the third century (many of them martyrs), have been positively identified. From this, by a short passage, we entered the *cubiculum* of Sta. Cecilia, in which her body, buried after her martyrdom in her own house, was discovered in 820, by Pope Paschal, "fresh and perfect as when it was first laid in the tomb, lying in a cypress coffin, and clad in rich garments, with linen

cloths stained with blood rolled up at her feet." There were many other chapels and cubicula, but these two were to us the most interesting.

Nevertheless we listened with attention and curiosity to the peripatetic lecture of our monkish guide as he pointed out the various tombs and the *graffitti* or inscriptions or rude drawings on the walls.

Most of us have read and heard of these, but to see them is a revelation.

The "Good Shepherd" is a very favorite subject. Again and again it is painted upon the walls of the sepulchral chambers, or scratched upon gravestones, or more carefully sculptured upon sarcophagi. Symbolical designs are also of very frequent occurrence:—the anchor (hope), the palm-branch (victory), the ship (the church), and the fish, because the Greek name is made up of the initial letters of the words,

("Jesus Christ the Son of God, the Saviour.")

All the inscriptions and paintings which one sees in these catacombs (and many more) can be seen in better light, and in a more leisurely way in the Museo Sacro of the Lateran, but it lends them much additional interest when one has seen the Catacombs themselves.

A very little way beyond the Catacombs of St. Calixtus we came upon another memorial of ancient Rome, the Circus of Maxentius, the contemporary and rival of the Emperor Constantine.

From its admirable preservation, the beauty of its situation, and the associations connected with the ruins which surround it, this is one of the most unique and interesting of these ancient remains. The external walls are almost unbroken. You can still trace the site of the *carceres* or barriers from which the chariots started on their mad race round the arena, the *spina* or wall which ran down the



TOMB OF CECILIA METELLA.

centre, and the *metæ* or goals which formed its ends. I noticed that the *spina* does not run straight down the middle of the arena, but is placed a little obliquely, so as to give each chariot an equal chance. The barriers, too, for the same reason, are a little "on the bias." On each side is a high seat for the judges, and near it the "band stand" or gallery for the musicians. The spectators sat all round on ten tiers of steps, capable of holding about 18,000 persons. We found this little circus very interesting, but it must have been a mere *kindergarten* compared to the great Circus Maximus, which had accommodation for nearly 400,000 spectators.

On the hill-top which rises before us is the most interesting of all the Roman tombs, that of Cecilia Metella, a great grey round tower, seventy feet

in diameter, and about one hundred feet high. Byron's lines come to our mind at once:

"There is a stern round tower of other days,
Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with two thousand years of ivy grown;
The garland of eternity, where weave
The green leaves over all, by time o'er-
thrown.—

What was the tower of strength. Within
its cave

What treasure lay so locked, so hid?—
A woman's grave.

But who was she, the lady of the dead
Tomb'd in a palace? Was she chaste and
fair?

Worthy a king's—or more—a Roman's
bed?

What race of chiefs and heroes did she
bear?

What daughter of her beauties was the
heir?

How lived, how loved, how died she?
Was she not

So honoured—so conspicuously there,
Where meaner relics must not dare to rot,
Placed to commemorate a more than mortal
lot?

* * * *

This much alone we know—Metella died,
The wealthiest Roman's wife—behold his
love or pride "

All that we know of her now—(and Byron knew this)—is that she was the daughter of one of the great family of the Metelli and the wife of that Crassus (popularly nick-named "Dives"), who was consul in the same year with Pompey, and having been chosen proconsul of Syria, was treacherously slain on the plains of Mesopotamia about the time that Julius Caesar invaded Britain.

Hare says that "it is at Cecilia Metella's tomb that the beauties of the Appian Way really begin," but we did not find it so. The views across the wide, flat Campagna are lovely, darkened here and there by the shadows of flying clouds; and these long lines of ruined aqueducts give a quaint charm to the picture; but, after all, it is a "street of tombs;" and grave-stones, however classical, soon pall upon the taste; so at Casale Rotondo we gladly turned our horses' heads and drove back again to Rome, leaving behind us the Via Appia and its unknown dead.

"Yes, its unknown dead! For, except in one or two doubtful instances, these mountainous, sepulchral edifices have not availed to keep from oblivion so much as the bare name of an individual or a family. Ambitious as they were of everlasting remembrance, the slumberers might just as well have gone quietly to rest, each in his pigeon-hole of a *columbarium* or under his little green hillock in a graveyard, without a stone to mark the spot."

So says Hawthorne; yet the tombs of these departed ghosts have led us to take a very charming drive along the Appian Way.

ROMAN CHURCHES.

To most Anglo-Saxons, especially to those of us of Calvinistic training, a church is a very severe and solemn building. When we think of an English cathedral, it is of "ivy mantled towers," surmounting a stately pile with long-drawn aisle and fretted vault, into which, from painted windows, streams a dim religious light, and of which every association and suggestion tends to sadden and solemnize.

So of the great German cathedrals, Strasbourg, Freyburg, Cologne, etc.

But here in Rome it is not so. Although the churches are also burial grounds, they lack the repose and solemnity of their trans-alpine congeners, and are, as Prof. Lanciani acutely observes,—like the Pagan temples which most of them have succeeded—museums of art as well as places of worship. Perhaps it is the difference between Latin and Teutonic taste; perhaps Calvin has imposed something of his austerity even upon those who do not wholly embrace his severe creed. I cannot tell.

At all events, he who comes to Rome with a fixed idea that the English or German cathedral is the best, or the only type of church architecture, will

"First endure, then pity, then embrace."

For, in time, one may come to feel that a church is not necessarily a sad place, though it be filled with tombs; and the Roman churches have a fashion of their own, which one comes insensibly to tolerate, and finally to enjoy. For one thing, they don't all conform (as do our English churches), to one staid and solemn ecclesiastical ideal. They range from the ornateness or over-decoration of the new cathedral (S. Paolo Fuori), to the Methodist "protracted meeting" type of S. Agostino, which is crowded every day with thousands of enthusiastic worshippers at the shrine of their favorite wonder-working Virgin.

Or perhaps they are rich with the associations of the buried (but not forgotten) past, like the church of Sta. Maria in Ara Cœli (the home of the "Santissimo Bambino"), but far more interesting to us as the site of the altar "ara primogeniti Dei," which, according to the prophecy of the Tiburtine sibyl, the Emperor Augustus erected to "the first-born Son of God," and certainly the place where, in 1764, Gibbon ("musing amid the ruins of the Capitol"), conceived the idea of writing his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Or the Pantheon,

architecture specifically denominated Roman."

Hawthorne says of it:—

"The world has nothing else like the Pantheon. So grand it is, that the pasteboard statues over the lofty cornice do not disturb the effect, any more than the tin crowns and hearts, the dusty artificial flowers and all manner of trumpery gewgaws hanging at the saintly shrines. The rust and dinginess that have dimmed the precious marble on the walls; the pavement, with its great squares



THE PANTHEON.

built in B.C. 27, by Agrippa, the friend of Augustus and husband of his wicked daughter Julia.

This stately pile, though despoiled and "improved" by succeeding Emperors and Popes, and plundered by that "prince of architects," Lorenzo Bernini, is yet "the noblest and most perfect survival of that style of

and rounds of porphyry and granite cracked crosswise in a hundred directions, showing how roughly the troublesome ages have trampled here; the grey dome above, with its opening to the sky, as if heaven were looking down into the interior of this place of worship, left unimpeded

for prayers to ascend the more freely; all these things make an impression of solemnity which St. Peter's itself fails to produce." And Taine is quite as enthusiastic:

"The entrance is grand and imposing. The eight enormous Corinthian columns of the portico, the massive pilasters, the cross-pieces of the entablature, the bronze doors, all declare the magnificence of a nation of conquerors and rulers. Our Pantheon, compared with this, seems mean. And when, after a half hour's contemplation of it, you abstract its mouldiness and degradation, and divorce it from its modern dilapidated surroundings; when the imagination pictures to itself the white, glittering edifice with its fresh marble, and the subdued lustre of its bronze tiles and beams, and the bronze bas-reliefs adorning its pediment as it appeared in the time of Agrippa, when, after the establishment of universal peace, he dedicated it to all the gods; then do you figure to yourself with admiration the triumph of Augustus which this fête completed, a reconciled, submissive universe, the splendour of a perfected empire. You enter the temple under the lofty cupola which expands in every sense like an interior firmament; the light descends magnificently through the single aperture in the top, its vivid brightness accompanied with cool shadows and a transparent veil of floating particles slowly passing before the curves of the arch. All around are the chapels of the ancient gods, each between columns, and ranged along the circular walls; the vastness of the rotunda diminishes them, and thus, wretched and reduced, they live subject to the hospitality and majesty of the Roman people, the sole divinity

that subsists in a conquered universe. Such is the impression this architect makes on you. It is not like a Greek temple; it does not correspond to a primitive sentiment, like the Greek religion; it indicates an advanced civilization, a studied art, a scientifically cultivated intelligence. It aims at grandeur, and to excite admiration and astonishment; it forms part of a system of government, and completes a spectacle; and it is the decoration of a fête, which fête is that of the Roman Empire."

Then we have Cardinal Wiseman's titular church, S. Pudenziana, supposed (if tradition be trustworthy) to be the most ancient of all Roman churches (*"omnium ecclesiarum urbis vetutissima,"*) and to have been founded on the site of a house where St. Paul lodged from A.D. 41 to A.D. 50, with the senator Pudens, whose family were his first Roman converts, and to whom he refers in his last epistle: "Eubulus greeteth thee and Pudens" (2 Tim. iv. 21); and Sta. Maria in Via Lata, the subterranean church of which is shown as the actual "hired house" in which St. Paul dwelt, "with a soldier that kept him," (Acts xxviii. 16), and the interesting Baptistery of S. John Lateran, containing the ancient font in which Constantine is said to have been baptized as a Christian.

But most of the Roman churches (if interesting at all), are so because of some work of art, some picture or tomb. The Pantheon, indeed, has these as well as all its other claims to interest, for here is the tomb of Raffaele, with Cardinal Bembo's famous epitaph,—

"Living, great Nature feared he might
outvie
Her works; and dying fears herself to die."

Here (to repose until Italy shall have finished the splendid mausoleum which she is building to receive them), are the ashes of him whose coffin bears the

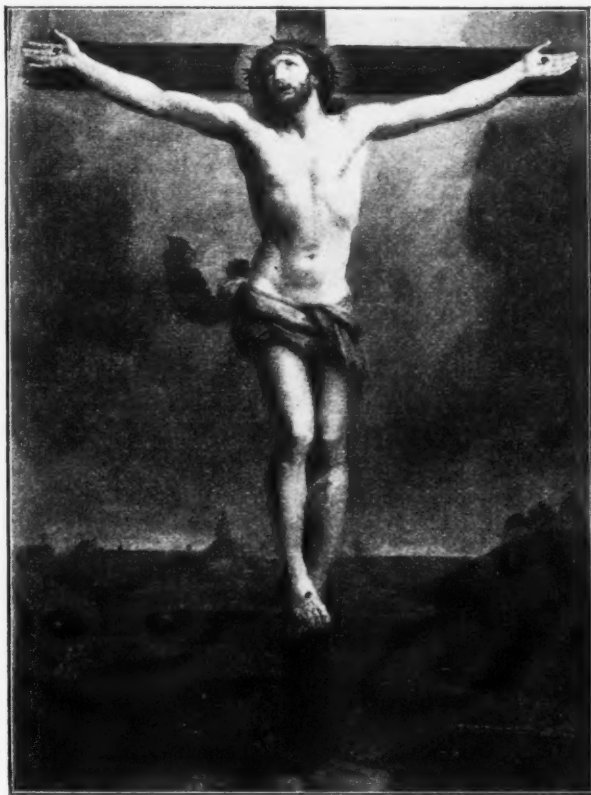
simple inscription, "*pater patriæ*," Victor Emmanuel, the first king of United Italy.

S. Maria della Pace is interesting because of Raffaele's "Sibyls,"—a magnificent picture, said by Kugler to be "one of the master's most perfect works," though now sadly marred by time and damp. In S. Lorenzo in

and the dragon," contains all that was ever finished of the tomb begun by Michel Angelo for that warlike Pope Julius II., one of the first apostles of Italian unity, and the founder of the present Cathedral of S. Peter, (for which, as Creighton points out, in his "History of the Papacy," Vol. iv. chap. xiii.), he wantonly destroyed the

most venerable basilica in Christendom.

The original design of this tomb was absolutely gigantic. It was intended to contain more than forty statues, including those of Moses, SS. Peter and Paul, Rachel and Leah, and chained figures of the Provinces, while those of heaven and earth were to support the sarcophagus of the Pope, — Heaven rejoicing to receive his soul, and Earth bewailing her irreparable loss. This project was cut short by the death of Julius, in 1513, and all that remains to us is the colossal sitting statue of Moses, flanked by the smaller



THE CRUCIFIXION.

Guido Reni.

Lucina (over the high altar) is a master-piece of Guido Reni, "the Crucifixion," with a wild, stormy sky for a background. It is one of the most powerful and effective pictures I have ever seen.

S. Pietro in Vincoli, besides Guercino's lovely picture of "S. Margaret

ones of Rachel and Leah (types of the active and contemplative religious life). In a niche above the Pope stands the Madonna with the Holy Child; in the side niches are a prophet and a sibyl, the work of Michel Angelo's pupils. In the lower story are the three statues, Moses, Rachel and

Leah, by Michel Angelo's own hand. He had made others which were rendered useless by a change in the position of the tomb: and two of his noblest works,—two captive slaves, originally designed for this tomb—are now in the Louvre.

So Michel Angelo idealized the fiery personality of Julius II. The mighty frame of Moses, which seems with difficulty held in rest, sets forth the stormy spirit of the Pope who strove to mould states and kingdoms to his will, and owned no bounds to his furious impetuosity. The worst figure of the whole is that of the Pope himself.

Every visitor to Rome knows the Moses of Michel Angelo. Taine's description is very vivid:—



MICHEL ANGELO'S "MOSES."

St. Pietro in Vincoli, Rome.

"The first sight of this statue is less surprising than one would suppose. We are familiar with it, engraved or reduced. The imagination, as is always the

case, has exaggerated it. Moreover, it is polished and finished with extreme perfection. It is in a brilliantly decorated church, and is framed by a handsome chapel. As you dwell upon it, however, the colossal mass produces its effect. You feel the imperious will, the ascendancy, the tragic energy of the legislator and exterminator. His heroic muscles and virile beard indicate the primitive barbarian, the subduer of men; while the long head and projections of the temples denote the ascetic. Were he to arise, what action, what a lion's voice!"

But I agree with the criticism of Mrs. Elliot:

"Nothing can be more ill-placed than this statue, in a seat nearly on a level with the spectator; the gigantic form squeezed between two columns, the whole a monument which (after all) is not—a monument. Certainly this image does not impress one with a high idea of Moses. The grossly sensual impression tells of passions proper rather to a satyr than a law-giver; and the long ropy hair, falling from the head and beard, painfully reminds one of a shaggy goat, faults all of which are unrelieved by any nobler indications save an air of arrogant command. Still, amid all its defects, this is a remarkable work of art, remarkable for an indescribable air of savage grandeur all its own. It has also great power, especially in the *anima* which makes the cold marble actually seem to palpitate with vivid expression."

Among other churches similarly interesting, we must not forget that of Sta. Cecilia in Trastevere, built over the very house in which this noble Roman lady lived, and in which her remains (transferred hither from the Catacombs of St. Calixtus), now lie



TOMB OF STA. CECILIA.

beneath the high altar in a sarcophagus surmounted by a lovely statue of the saint just as she lay in her tomb. It is one of the most perfect things in Rome.

"The body lies on its side, the limbs a little drawn up. The drapery is beautifully modelled, and modestly covers the limbs. It is a statue of a lady, perfect in form, and affecting from the resemblance to reality in the drapery of white marble, and the unspotted appearance of the whole. It lies as no living body could lie, and yet correctly as do the dead left to expire—I mean in the gravitation of the limbs."

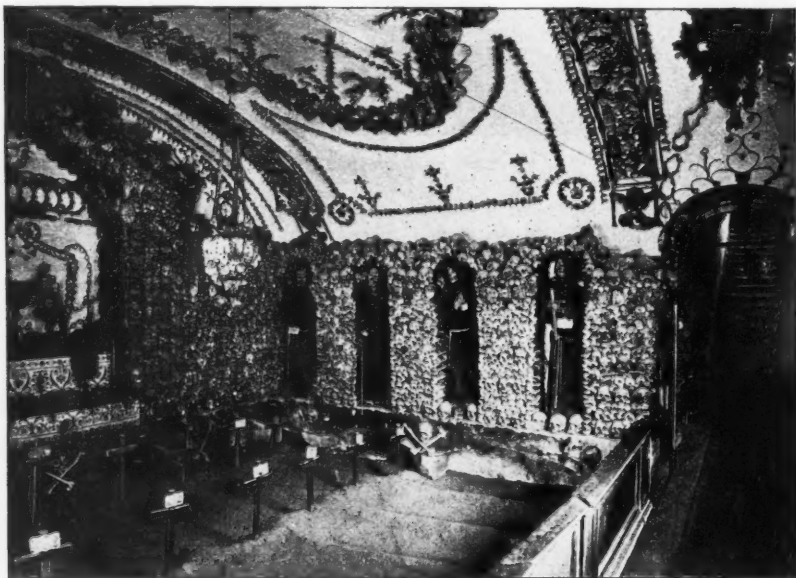
To the same category belongs the church of Sta. Maria del Popolo, with the lovely frescoes by Pinturicchio, and the Chigi Chapel in which Raffaele shows at one and the same time his powers as architect, painter, and sculptor. He it was who designed the painted ceiling, with its extraordinary mixture of Paganism and Christianity—Diana, Mercury,

Venus, Apollo, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn (as planets), conducted by angels and surrounding Jehovah. He also modelled (it is said from the satyr and dolphin in the Borghese collection), the statue of Jonah and the whale, and sculptured the noble figure of Elijah; while Bernini contributed the figures of Daniel and Habakkuk. The altar-piece ("Nativity of the Virgin"), is by Giorgione's pupil, Sebastiano del Piombo. Here also (in the choir) are Sansovino's beautiful monuments to the Cardinals Giovanni della Rovere, brother of Pope Julius II., and Ascanio Sforza, the great opponent of the policy of Alex. VI. And in the left aisle one sees the grotesque cenotaph of the Princess Odescalchi Chigi, and that of Giovanni Ghislerus, with his portrait inscribed "*neque hic vivus*," underneath a chrysalis with the motto "*ut in nidulo meo moriar*," and a butterfly "*phoenix multiplicatio dies*," while below all is a hideous skeleton of giallo-antico wrapped in a marble winding-sheet, and the words "*neque hic mortuus*."

Surely this church is a museum at once of the beautiful and the grotesquely horrible.

But in this latter respect it is not to be compared with the Capuchin church of Sta. Maria della Concezione. This is one of the "show places" of Rome, and every visitor must needs go to that subterranean chapel, where in holy earth (brought it is said from Jerusalem), each deceased brother of the convent sleeps his last sleep—for a time—and then, when his grave is required for a new occupant, is disinterred (and usually dismembered),

a decorative manner. Thigh-bones, shoulder-blades, arms and the pelvis are fashioned into bouquets, garlands and elegant tapestry. A singular taste and ingenuity have regulated the disposition of this furniture. Sometimes a skull is suspended at the end of a chain of vertebræ which descends from a ceiling and forms a lamp; again, a couple of arms spread out their joints and knotty fingers in the guise of pendants above a mantel piece; hollow thigh bones are arranged one



CAPUCHIN CEMETERY.

to be used in the oddest and most horrible kind of mural decoration which the mind of man can ever have conceived.

"Five years in the ground of this cemetery suffices to dry up a body; no other preparation is necessary, and the body is then displayed with the rest. Four chambers are filled with these skeletons, arranged in groups in

above another like rows of pictures upon a handsome buffet; while along the wall and over the arch the radius runs in complicated designs and pretty, capricious arabesques; here and there in a corner numerous thoracic cages bristle with white stories of ribs and clavicles. The soil consists of ranges of graves, some full and others awaiting their occupant."

I do not think that any ecclesiastical edifice, even the chapel of the 100 000 Virgins in Cologne, can successfully dispute the palm for ghastliness with this Capuchin Chapel, where each monk is required to say his daily orisons; but the church of San Stefano Rotondo on the Cœlian Hill must be awarded at least a foremost place in the grisly contest.

It is a circular church, built on the site of Nero's great meat market "*macellum magnum*," and decorated (?) all around with hideous frescoes, picturing (with most horrible realism) the martyrdoms of some hundreds of saints slain in every persecution of the church, from the massacre of the Holy Innocents under Herod to the burning of the martyrs under "good Queen Bess." Here is a little bit of the long list:

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| | St. Peter, crucified. |
| | St. Paul, beheaded. |
| | St. Vitale, buried alive. |
| Under
Nero. | St. Thecla, tossed by a bull. |
| | St. Gervase, beaten to death. |
| | SS Praxiteles, Processus and Martinianus, beheaded. |
| | St. Faustus and others, clothed in skins of beasts and torn to pieces by dogs. |
| | St. Calixtus, pope, thrown into a well with a stone round his neck. |
| | St. Calepodius, dragged through Rome by wild horses and thrown into the Tiber. |
| Under
Alexander
Severus. | Sta. Martina, torn with iron forks. |
| | St. Cecilia, who, failing to be suffocated with hot water, was stabbed in the throat. |
| | St. Urban the Pope. Tibertius, Valerianus and Maximus, beheaded. |

Let Dickens describe the pictures; for I cannot do it.

"They represent such a panorama of horror and butchery as no sane man could imagine in his sleep, even if he had eaten a whole roast-pig raw for supper. Grey-bearded men and gentle ladies are being boiled, fried, grill-

ed, crimped, singed, eaten by wild beasts, worried by dogs, buried alive, torn asunder by horses, chopped up small with hatchets, women having their breasts torn off with red hot pincers, their tongues cut out, their ears screwed off, their jaws broken, their bodies stretched upon the rack, or skinned upon the stake, or crackling up and melting in the fire: these are among the mildest of the subjects represented in this Chamber of Horrors."

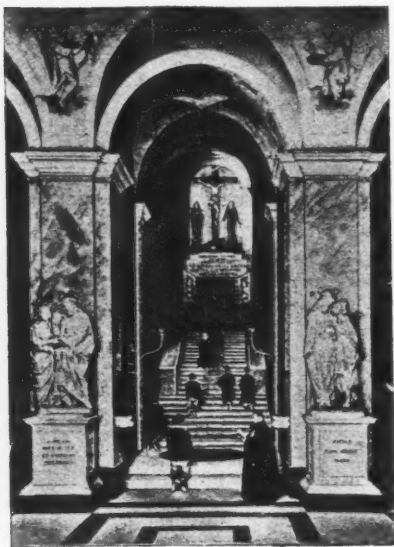
But the time would fail me to tell of half the Roman churches which we have visited, finding in each something to interest us: San Lorenzo Fuori, a splendid specimen of an ancient basilica, in the crypt of which lies in a plain tomb one of the greatest of all the Popes, Pio Nono, a Liberal Italian by birth and in all his instincts, but one who (as Metternich predicted), found "a liberal Pope" an impossible being, "the one contingency on which the Austrian Government had never thought it necessary to reckon:" the Church of St. Gregory with its adjoining chapels, one containing his grand statue, and the other the magnificent frescoes of Guido ("the master"), and Domenichino ("the scholar who knew more than the master,") as well as the monastic cell of the great Pope, his marble chair, and the table at which, after washing their feet, he daily fed twelve poor pilgrims: Sta. Maria Aventina, the church of the Knights of Malta, with its lovely *Priorato* garden, in which the great Pope Gregory VII. (Hildebrand) used to play as a boy, and from which one gets the deservedly celebrated "keyhole view of St. Peter's,"—and others which it would be tedious to you even to name.

These and many more are amongst the interesting show places of Rome; but now I think we may turn to some Roman Relics and some Roman Fountains.

ROMAN RELICS.

I am writing on the afternoon of Good Friday. We have just come from the *Scala Santa*, which is crowded with Spanish pilgrims. This "sacred staircase" is one of the few Roman relics in which even a Protestant may not unreasonably believe.

I see nothing impossible, or even unlikely, in the legend which has come to us, that this staircase was brought by the Empress Helena from the house of Pontius Pilate in Jerusalem (A.D. 326), and is the identical stair upon which our Saviour trod in coming from Pilate's Judgment Hall.



THE SCALA SANTA.

It is, at all events, the very one which Luther, "the solitary monk who shook the world," was ascending on his knees when those words of St. Paul, "The just shall live by faith," flashed into his mind, drove him to his feet, and sounded the first bugle-note of the great Protestant Reformation.

Feeling this, I cannot read with pleasure—scarcely with patience—Charles Dickens' flippant description

in his "Pictures from Italy," though he vividly portrays the very scene as we saw it to-day:

"On Good Friday there were, on a moderate computation, a hundred people slowly shuffling up these stairs on their knees at one time, while others who were going up, or had come down, and a few who had done both and were going up again for the second time stood loitering in the porch below, where an old gentleman, in a sort of watch box, incessantly rattled a tin canister, with a slit in the top, to remind them that he took the money. The majority were country people, male and female. There were four or five Jesuit priests, however, and some half dozen well-dressed women. A whole school of boys, twenty at least, were about half-way up, evidently enjoying it very much. They were all wedged together pretty closely, and the rest of the company gave the boys as wide a berth as possible, in consequence of their betraying some recklessness in the management of their boots. There are two steps to begin with, and then a rather broad landing. The more rigid climbers went on their knees along the landing, as well as up the stairs; and the figures they cut in their shuffling progress over the level surface, no description can paint. Then, to see them watch their opportunity from the porch and cut in where there was a place next the wall, and to see one man with an umbrella (brought on purpose, for it was a fine day), hoisting himself unlawfully from stair to stair, and to observe a demure lady of fifty-five or so looking back every now and then to assure herself that her legs were properly disposed."

But we have seen many other relics and sacred spots within the last few

weeks, of whose authenticity I am, like the Scottish deacon, "no that sure!" For example, in S. Giacomo Scossa Cavalli we were shown two very sacred stones, viz., that upon which Abraham was about to offer up Isaac, and the one upon which the Virgin Mary sat during the Circumcision of our Lord in the Temple.

guarded by iron bars) an indentation in the tufa rock, which you are told was caused by the jailors beating St. Peter's head against the rock. His chains are the *pièce de resistance* of S. Pietro in Vincoli; and Sta. Francesca Romana has in the wall of its transept two gigantic holes, said to have been made by S. Peter's knees

when he knelt to pray that Simon Magus might be dropped by the demons who were supporting him in the air—a legend which has the high authority of S. Ambrose, and which is illustrated in Vanni's great picture of the "Fall of Simon Magus," in the north aisle of St. Peter's. S. Sabina (on the Aventine) preserves, upon a pillar in the nave, a round black piece of marble, about as large as a baby's head, which you are assured the devil one day threw at St. Dominick when he was lying prostrate in prayer on one of the marble slabs at the end of the aisle!

But the relic which least of all appeals to me is the "Santissimo Bambino," or "Most Holy Babe," which is kept in its private sanctuary at the Church of Sta. Maria in Ara Coeli, on the Capitoline Hill.

Let Mr. Hare describe it:

"It is a freshly-coloured doll, tightly swathed in gold and silver tissue, crowned and sparkling with jewels. It has servants of its own, and a carriage

in which it drives out with its attendants and goes to visit the sick. Devout peasants always kneel as the blessed infant passes.

Formerly it was taken to sick persons and left upon their beds for some hours, in the hope that it would work a miracle.

Now it is never left alone. In explanation of this, it is said that an audacious woman once



THE "SANTISSIMO BAMBINO."

Ara Coeli, Rome, 1894.

There are also, in a neighbouring church, two columns bearing inscriptions which aver them to be those to which St. Peter and St. Paul were bound when they suffered flagellation by the order of Nero. The Mamertine Prison contains another pillar to which these same saints are said to have been bound for nine months. In this prison there is also, (half-way down the stairway, and carefully

formed the design of appropriating to herself the holy image and its benefits. She had another doll prepared of the same size and appearance as the "Santissimo," and having feigned sickness and obtained permission to have it left with her, she dressed the false image in its clothes and sent it back to Ara Coeli. The fraud was not discovered till night, when the Franciscan monks were awakened by the most furious ringing of bells, and by thundering knocks at the west door of the church, and hastening thither could see nothing but a wee naked pink foot peeping in from under the door; but when they opened the door, without stood the little naked figure of the true Bambino of Ara Coeli, shivering in the wind and rain. So the false baby was sent back in disgrace, and the real baby restored to its home, never to be trusted away any more."

To a Protestant, this seems to run very close to image-worship; but a Roman Catholic friend of mine here declares that it is not; and—as for the relics—hesays: "You are not compelled to believe these legends. They are not '*de fide*'; but many of them are very, very old, and have been believed by a great many good people. I don't say they are true, but no one can declare them to be certainly false."

ROMAN FOUNTAINS.

To one who, though born on the shores of Lake Ontario, has grown accustomed to seeing the limpid water from this rich and inexhaustible source meted (or metred) out to the citizens of Toronto, even during the "dog days," at so much a gallon, there is something indescribably delightful and refreshing in the magnificent prodigality of the water supply of Rome. Not one single little fountain in a principal square, trickling a bit at times, or more commonly "turned

off" altogether,—but fountains, fountains everywhere, ceaselessly pouring out their gushing streams, by night as well as by day, in reckless profusion.

Again and again, as one drives or walks about, one comes upon these splendid monuments of (chiefly Papal) generosity.

The epitaph of Keats in the Protestant Cemetery near St. Paul's gate:—

"Here lies one whose name was writ in water,"

seems to me singularly ill-chosen in this city, where the inhabitants for six months of every year swelter and grill under the fierce glare of an Italian sky; and I realize how grateful they must be to those Consuls, Emperors, and Popes who have chosen to "write their names" in this unstable element, and have proved it a more durable record than brass or marble.

First, of course, is the great fountain of Trevi, the gift of that Corsini Pope Clement XII, whose aristocratic face one comes to know so well in the Corsini galleries here and at Florence. As Hawthorne says in "Transformation:" "The fountain of Trevi draws its precious water from a source far beyond the walls, whence it flows hitherward through old subterranean aqueducts, and sparkles forth as pure as the virgin who first led Agrippa to its well-springs by her father's door. In the design of the fountain, some sculptor of Bernini's school has gone absolutely mad in marble. It is a great palace-front, with niches and many bas-reliefs, out of which look Agrippa's legendary virgin, and several of the allegoric sisterhood; while at the base appears Neptune with his floundering steeds, and Titans b'owing their horns about him, and twenty other artificial fantasies, which the calm moonlight soothes into better taste than is native to them. After all, it is as magnificent a piece of work as ever human skill contrived. At the foot of the palatial *façade* is

strewn, with careful art and ordered regularity, a broad and broken heap of massive rock, looking as if it may have lain there since the Deluge. Over a central precipice falls the water, in a semi circular cascade; and from a hundred crevices, on all sides, snowy jets gush up, and streams spout out of the mouths and nostrils of stone monsters, and fall in glistening drops; while other rivulets, that have run wild, come leaping from one rude step

as well as a multitude of snow-points from smaller jets. Tradition goes that a parting draught at the Fountain of Trevi ensures a traveller's return to Rome, whatever obstacles and improbabilities may seem to beset him."

Close beside St. Pancras' Gate is the Fontana Paolina, also (in effect), a Papal gift to Rome, for though the ancient *Aqua Trajana* once ended here, it had fallen into ruins until the Borghese Pope, Paul V., restored the



FOUNTAIN OF TREVI.

to another, over stones that are mossy, shining, and green with sedge, because in a century of their wild play, nature has adopted the Fountain of Trevi with all its elaborate devices for her own. Finally, the water, tumbling, sparkling, and dashing with joyous haste and never-ceasing murmur, pours itself into a great marble basin and reservoir and fills it with a quivering tide, on which is seen, continually, a snowy semi circle of momentary foam from the principal cascade,

aqueduct and fountain, and decorated the latter with marble, which he stole from one of the most beautiful ruins in Rome, the Temple of Minerva, a few exquisite columns of which may still be seen at the corner of Via Alessandrina and the Via Croce Bianca.

Earlier still is the Fountain of Aqua Felice, the gift of Sixtus V. (Felice Peretti), with its hideous statue of Moses, to which belongs the well-known story that the sculptor, Prospero Bresciano, died of vexation at

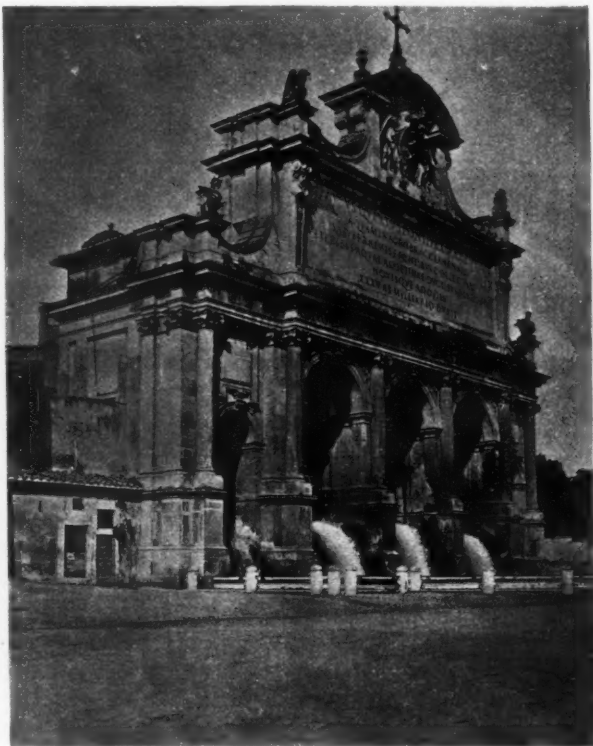
the ridicule which his work excited when unveiled.

Near this is the modern Fountain of the Piazza della Terme, which sends up a grand central jet some forty feet straight into the air, while all round the margin of its huge basin smaller jets, playing inward, meet and mingle with the falling spray. Situated as it is at the end of the vista of the Via Nazionale, this is, to my mind, one of the most charming fountains in Rome.

But there are many, many more, — the beautiful "Tortoise Fountain" of Giacomo della Porta near the former site of the Ghetto, the Medici Fountain opposite S. Maria in Cosmedin, the "Mascherone" in the Via Giulia, the handsome fountain opposite S. Maria in Trastevere, and the three great fountains of the Piazza Navona, — a modern one with Neptune and the sea monster, and two others by Bernini, one with the statue of a Moor, and the other (the central one), representing the four great rivers of the world, the Danube (Europe), Ganges (Asia), Nile (Africa), and Rio de la Plata (America). [I suppose Bernini never heard of the St. Lawrence, or the Mississippi. !]

Then every English visitor to Rome

knows Bernini's "Barcaccia," or "Boat Fountain," in the Piazza di Spagna, and his "Triton Fountain" in the Piazza Barberini. I don't like either of them. Bernini's taste in fountains and statues, like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, was "extensive and peculiar," but his commissions as architect, sculptor and painter, must have been simply



FONTANA PAOLINA.

Rome, 1895.

enormous, and one is not surprised to hear that, beginning as a poor man, he left at his death a fortune of over £100,000.

Mark Twain's sweeping statement that nearly everything here was made by Michel Angelo is very wide of the truth.

Michel Angelo had, indeed, a large share in the building of St. Peter's, and his are the ceiling paintings of the Sistine and Pauline Chapels of the Vatican, Sta. Maria degli Angeli and the Farnese Palace, the Piazza of the Capitol, the unfinished tomb of Julius II in St. Pietro in Vincoli, and the lovely *Pieta* in the right aisle of St. Peter's. But Bernini is much more *en evidence* here than Michel Angelo.

Besides all these Roman fountains we have seen his work as a sculptor in the three celebrated statues of the Borghese collection, "Apollo and Daphne," "Eneas and Anchises," and "David with the sling," all done before he ended his eighteenth year. His, also, are the figures of Daniel and Habakkuk in the Chigi Chapel of Sta. Maria del Popolo, the group of "Sta. Theresa and the Angel of Death" in Sta. Maria della Vittoria, the bust of Medusa in the Palace of the Conservatori, the statue of "Calumny," which stands (or rather sits) in the atrium of the Palazzo Bernini on the Corso, and those "breezy maniacs" of angels, which, till lately, adorned (?) the Bridge of St. Angelo.

He built the great colonnades of St. Peter's: his is the statue of Constantine in the portico, and inside the Cathedral he designed the *baldacchino*, and the *cathedra Petri*, of the choir, the tombs of Urban VIII., Alexander VII., and the Countess Matilda, as well as the *loggie* and the statue of St. Longinus, under the great dome. Even away out at Albano we met his work in the Chigi Palace, which he built for the Pope of that name (Alexander VII.). His renown was such that Henry VII. sent for him to come to England and loaded him with presents, and *le Grand Monarque*, Louis XIV., invited him to come to Paris, where he submitted designs for the new Palace of the Louvre, but (perhaps fortunately) these were not accepted.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

It is summer in Rome, and the

weather is what we should call hot in Toronto, even in August. As the late Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has it:

In candent ire the solar splendour flames,
The foles, languescent, pend from arid
 rames,
His humid brow the cive, anhelng, wipes,
And dreams of errng on ventiferous ripes "

But the "ventiferous ripes" of Lake Ontario are half-a-world away. We can't take the trolley to New Toronto or Victoria Park, or the G.T.R. to "Wellington Sand-Banks," or Burlington Beach:—yet we *must* have a "day in the country." The regular Roman *habitué* has long ago made his arrangements for his *villeggiatura*, and we can scarcely do better than consult him.

He advises that there are plenty of country excursions about Rome,—as there are, indeed, about all big cities.

There is Soracte, a mountain to the north-west of the city, its lower slopes now covered with verdure, but its peaks (until very lately), tipped with snow, and fully justifying its Horatian epithet of "*candidum Soracte*." Many people out there have cottages to let for the summer, and will supply you with milk and butter and new laid eggs and all else that makes life worth living, at prices which the average Muskoka farmer, or even a Murray Bay *habitant* would consider ridiculously low.

Then there is Tivoli,—Horace's "ancient Tibur,"—a very show place indeed, with its temple and grotto of the Tiburtine Sibyl (the one who predicted to Augustus the birth of Christ), and its lovely waterfalls,—rather modern and artificial ones it is true, and somewhat like the drop scene of a theatre, but real waterfalls nevertheless, and twice the height of our far famed Niagara.

On the whole,—after consideration and consultation with an old, (but not the oldest) inhabitant of Rome,—we reject both Soracte and Tivoli, and decide to make of our "day in the country" a Classical Excursion to the

Lake of Nemi and the Alban Hills, the very cradle of ancient Roman history and legend,—where, only 3,000 years ago, Ascanius, "Trojan Æneas' son," (surnamed Iulus, or the "soft-haired"), founded Alba Longa, "the long, white city," which afterwards became the mother of Rome and of her classical history.

So, one fine morning last week we took the 9 o'clock train for Albano, and,—after running along for a mile or more under the shadow of the ruined arches of the Claudian Aqueduct,—crossed the line of that still magnificent monument of the Augustan empire, and sped across the flat Campagna to the foot of the Alban Hills. We had often looked at these hills from Rome (especially from the grounds of the Villa Wolkonsky), and a lovely picture they make, seen across the flickering blue haze of the Campagna, with Monte Cavo towering up 3,000 feet, the white villas of Rocca di Papa just under its crest, and Frascati and Marino clustering around its feet. Now, as the train began to climb the slopes, we could look back at Rome and see the noble front of St. John Lateran, the tower of the Capitol, and, beyond all, the great dome of St. Peter's shining in the morning sun. Soon we stopped at a little station, which, though in Italy and so near Rome, is nevertheless not part of the Kingdom of Italy, nor subject to King Humbert's rule, for it is Castel Gandolfo, the seat of the Pope's summer palace, and, with the Vatican and the Lateran Palaces, and the Church of Sta Maria Maggiore, was granted in 1871 the privilege of extra-territoriality and confirmed forever as the appanage and property of His Holiness the Pope.

Ten minutes more, and the train stops at Albano. After much bargaining with the *vetturini* who throng the street beside the railway station, we finally secure one (Giacomo) for the day, at the not exorbitant price of two dollars. Giacomo has a four-seated victoria, evidently not long ago a

private carriage, with a good horse, and he soon proves himself an intelligent and loquacious guide.

After adding to our stock of sandwiches a bottle of really excellent Alban wine, we set out on our "classical excursion." A very few minutes drive from the railway station our guide draws attention to a most remarkable tomb by the wayside. It is a square mass of peperino, about 50 feet in length and breadth, and half as much in height, with a pedestal in the centre, and had evidently once four great cone-shaped obelisks, one on each corner, but two of them have now disappeared, and the top of the mausoleum has become quite a little grove of shrubs and creepers.

Giacomo tells us (and such, indeed, is the local belief), that this is the tomb of the Horatii and Curiatii, the rival champions of the Romans and the Albans in their great battle for supremacy during the reign (2,600 years ago) of the third King of Rome, that Tullus Hostilius who was murdered by his ambitious son-in-law Tarquin, and over whose corpse the impious Tullia drove her chariot-wheels. But Dr. Forbes,—and more learned people even than he,—ridicule this old legend, and now identify this as the tomb of Aruns, son of that King Porsenna of Clusium, whom we know so well from Macaulay's lines:—

"Lars Porsenna of Clusium by the nine gods
he swore
That the great house of Tarquin should suffer
wrong no more."

Indeed, we are always thus learning and unlearning in and about Rome. The Tower of Nero (*Torre delle milizie*), at the foot of the Via Nazionale, was long said to be the very one from which Nero, fiddling all the while, watched the conflagration of Rome, which he himself had ordered; but now the *illuminati* tell us that it was not built until the 13th century. The "House of Rienzi," which we have so often admired, is determined, by the

high authority of Professor Lanciani, never to have been occupied by the "last of the tribunes;" and even the sacred statue of St. Peter in his own Cathedral, though his great toe has been almost kissed away by generations of devout pilgrims, is now said to be only an old statue of Jupiter from the Capitoline Temple. [The high authority of Professor Lanciani is, however, against this statement, and Dr. Forbes' clumsy joke that the "Jew Peter" is really an old "Jupiter," seems to have little (if any) foundation in fact.]

This, however, is a digression from our "classical excursion," and we resume our drive from Albano to the Lake of Nemi, the "mirror of Diana," and the great seat of her Roman worship.

Opposite Albano, and only a mile away, "as the crow flies," is the next stage of our journey,—the village of Ariccia—but between them lies a deep gorge, and as we are not crows and cannot fly, it would take us half the day to win our way across were it not that these twin hills of Ariccia and Albano have been linked together by a magnificent viaduct, 190 feet high and more than 300 feet long, erected by the late Pope, Pius IX.,—another example (like the Pincian Gardens and the Pauline Fountain) of what good Popes have done for their subjects.

Leaving Ariccia, we soon reached Genzano, and stopped in the courtyard of a fine old palace (belonging to an Italian Prince married to an English wife) to get our *permessi* for entrance to the palace gardens from which to see the Lake of Nemi. In these gardens we spent a delightful hour. The lake ("Diana's Mirror") is set in a cup-like hollow of the hills, so deep that the wind scarcely ever ruffles its surface, and is rich in classic memories and stories. Just opposite to us, half way up the hill side, lies the village of Nemi, where stood Diana's temple, and near it falls into the lake that fountain into which the

nymph Egeria was changed by the goddess when she wept inconsolably the loss of her human lover, Numa.

"There, at the mountain's base, all drowned
in tears,
She lay, till elaste Diana on her woe
Compassion took; her altered form became
A limpid fount; her beauteous limbs dissolved,
And in perennial streams melted away."

Ovid.—Met. XV. 548.

It was to this temple of Diana that Iphigenia escaped from Tauris with her brother Orestes and his friend Pylades, bringing with them the statue of Diana, which the Delphic oracle had commanded the wretched Orestes to transport thither, so that, in the shadow of these sacred woods, his troubled spirit might find repose.

Leaving the classic shores of the Lake of Nemi, we drove down through the grand woods of oak, chestnut, ash and elm that clothe the lower Alban Hills, and again across the splendid viaduct to its western end; then, turning under the gateway of the fine old Chigi Palace (built by Bernini for Alexander VII.), we began the long ascent of Monte Cavo. About half way up the slope we passed the site of Alba Longa (now fully identified by the researches of Sir Wm. Gell), and stopped for an hour to discuss our sandwiches and Alban wine under some big chestnut trees, in front of a little wayside church nestling under a huge crag, on a little platform, in full view of the lovely Lake of Albano.

Somewhat annoyed by beggars (as Juvenal says he also was in this very neighborhood), we went into the church and looked at its art(?) treasures. It is a quaint little country church, dedicated to the *Mudonna del Tufo*, and has a history of its own. The altar is a great shapeless mass of tufa rock, and there are frescoes on the walls which tell the story, which runs thus:

"Three travellers once passed along this road in winter. The thunder rolled through the woods; the light-

ning glared fiercely athwart the Campagna; all nature was convulsed. Suddenly a portion of the rocky bank, wrenched violently from its foundation, came thundering down the cliff towards the narrow terrace road. The travellers heard the crash and gave up all hope of life. Below was a precipice, above, a mountain—no escape seemed possible. They called wildly on the Madonna; they lifted their hands in prayer, when—wonderful to relate—at the very moment that the rocky mass was suspended over their heads, the Madonna, bearing her Jesus-Child, appeared. Aye, even appeared on the very rock which, in an instant more, would have engulfed them; and lo! the huge mass was miraculously turned aside, and crashed down the fearful chasm below, leaving the travellers unhurt. In gratitude, they vowed a shrine here to the Virgin Mother, where she is invoked by the name of 'Our Lady of the Rock.' "The rock, raised by incredible labor, now forms the altar, and is looked on, as Giacomo says, '*come una cosa di grandissima devozione.*'"

We had noticed that all the peasant women as they passed this church, sang a litany of some sort. Here was the explanation. The inhabitants of Rocca di Papa set much store by the *Madonna del Tufo*, "our own Madonna," as they call her, and on her *festu* day there is a great fair here, to which people come from great distances, even from so far as Rome, to kneel at her shrine and spend a day at these breezy woods of Monte Cavo.

All this, and much more Giacomo told us as his comfortable victoria bore us swiftly along the capital road that leads from the Church of Our Lady of the Rock, through the pretty mountain village of Rocca di Papa and down the long slope to the Basilian monastery of Grotto Ferrata, where, in the chapel of St. Nilus, founder of the monastery, are Domenichino's beautiful frescoes representing scenes from the life and death of the

saint, with (introduced) portraits of Guercino, Guido Reni, and the artist (Domenichino) himself. The monastery, with its moat and battlements, looks like a fortress, and indeed was so for a time, under that warlike pontiff Julius II.

Three miles more along this pleasant highway, flanked all the way by charming villas, past the road which leads away up the hillside on the right to the ruins of ancient Tusculum, the birth-place of Cato, and the favorite residence of Cicero, and our drive ends in the shady streets of Frascati, most frequented of all the Alban towns, and made up, it seems to us, almost entirely of hotels and villas. There is indeed a cathedral, with a memorial tablet erected by Henry, Cardinal York, once Bishop of Frascati, to his brother, Charles Edward, the young Pretender, who died here in 1788; but, for the rest, the town is just a collection of country seats, each in its own large and beautifully-kept park, and nearly every one of these parks is open "free, gratis, and for nothing," all day long, to weary pilgrims like ourselves.

We had more than an hour to wait for our train to Rome, and after some consideration, we chose as our resting-place the grounds of the Villa Conti on the hill near the railway station. I believe this was once a country seat of the great Conti family, to which belonged four Popes, viz.: Gregory IX., Alexander IV., Innocent XIII., and, first and chief of them all, Innocent III., the great 12th century Pope who established the Inquisition, and from whom our own King John received back, as vassal of the Pope, the realm of England which that craven king had basely surrendered to the papal legate. The "Torre di Conti," a bit of his mediæval fortress, still frowns over the lower end of the busy Via Cavour, just opposite the street that leads to the Colosseum. I am told that the villa was from 1495 to 1511 the country house of Sigismond di Conti, Papal Secretary during the



THE CAPITOL.

Rome, 1894.

pontificates of Innocent VIII. Alexander VI. and Julius II., whose features are familiar to us in Raffaele's great picture of the "Madonna di Foligno" in the Vatican Gallery, and to whose frank memoirs in his *Istoria della suoi tempi*, we owe our intimate knowledge of that period, and especially of the private life of the then reigning Popes. The Conti family is now extinct, and the villa has passed into the hands of the rich Torlonias, who have their sumptuous burial chapel not far from Innocent's tomb in St John Lateran.

We wandered through the green glades and broad avenues, explored the summer-houses, and plucked the wild flowers, no gardener saying us nay; we leaned over the great marble balustrade of the terrace, and, looking across the blue, flickering haze of the Campagna, picked out, one by one, the well-known landmarks of

Rome, fifteen miles away. We tried to re-people the great terrace and these lawns and gardens with the ghosts of departed popes and cardinals, mediæval warriors, and fair Roman ladies. All too soon our restful hour of waiting slipped away. The train steamed in from Rome, and as we walked down to the station through the pretty public gardens of the municipality, we blessed the Roman aristocracy, however newly rich, and felt that in Italy, at all events, we could not vote for the abolition of the peerage.

Half an hour more and we were "at home" in our comfortable hotel, having enjoyed, for less than the price of an opera box, a Day in the Country, which will always remain among the pleasantest of our many pleasant memories of Rome.

C. R. W. BIGGAR.

THE REVIVAL OF NAPOLEON-WORSHIP.

BY J. W. RUSSELL.

IT would scarcely be warrantable to say that the present interest in Napoleon's career is wholly spontaneous. But, whether it stands for a passing increase in hero-worship, or a revision of former estimates of Napoleon's place in history, or springs from the disclosure of facts hitherto kept in the background, it is likely to evoke a generally altered verdict on the great conqueror's character and work. It is, of course, not difficult to suggest reasons for strong admiration of him. There is a charm in his method of victory which calls forth response in this age of the quick conquest of material nature. There may be something in the business activities of the time which answers sympathetically to salient qualities in the great emperor's character. A desire and striving for quick and large material results, sometimes disembarassed by an overscrupulous regard in their attainment, provided there be brilliant execution of the plan; an appreciation of the points open to opportunity throughout the great range of industrial expansion and competition:—all these would naturally derive, in the activities of those who made use of them, encouragement from the contemplation of a great career in which they were conspicuously displayed. "A Napoleon of finance" is a phrase well defined in the dictionary of success which forms the manual of business for some people.

Or there may be a desire for justice excited by the renewed study of a great man whose character history has painted in many dark shades of color. There are admirers of Napoleon who make light of the charges against his moral character and find excuses for his most heartless

acts. The "man of destiny," they say, framed a policy to meet the elements of violence which surrounded him. Coming on the scene at a time when social forces were in a state of upheaval and disorganization, self-preservation prompted him to deal sternly with opponents. He had been used to the horrors of Jacobin excess and knew that failure in any part he undertook might be visited upon him in the summary manner of the time. He who escapes from the dangers of a wreck is generally not overscrupulous as to the means available; and the man who rose on the ruins of the first Republic could not be expected, in the desperate interplay of intrigue and revenge, to choose his expedients with too much deliberation. It was necessary to see quickly and act decisively. Though the revolutionary time was short, yet, within its narrow span, society was shaken and history made with a rapidity out of all proportion to the former course of events. It was an epoch of culmination, summing up in catastrophe and change, the irresistible trend of preceding generations. There is special need, therefore, according to those who justify Napoleon's stern acts, to measure him by the moral standards of an exceptional birth-era of ideas, in which old beliefs,—social, religious, and political—were superseded by the propositions of the *doctrinaire*.

Again, the question arises not only in regard to the popular opinion of Napoleon, but also the rapidity of its process of formation: Has it been too hastily formed? It may be that the idolatry of France and its imitation by other nations have confused perspective, and that we are not yet far enough from his career to view its

parts in historic proportion. Seventy-four years have passed away since his death; but such is the intrusive splendor of his fame that we seem only a little beyond the time of that contemporary interest which perplexes the critical estimate. The alternations between blame and eulogy are yet too sharp and frequent. The admiration and hatred called forth by his deeds are still fervent in the public mind and in vibrant sympathy with feelings which destroy the equipoise of judgment.

Periodic literature has helped to some extent in the Napoleonic revival. The enterprising proprietors of magazines exert themselves not only to supply, but to create a market, and the Napoleon-worship of France has supplied them with a mercantile article. The dominant fact is that in France itself there is a keen interest in the man and his work, arising from the present tone of political feeling. The French are the most conspicuous example of that tendency in Celtic nations which finds the authority of a person preferable to the assertion of a principle. Carlyle's belief that the history of a people may be summed up in the exploits of its great men, may be well supported, if at all, in the history of France. That nation has been peculiarly responsive to individual leadership, and does not possess the highest capacity for that continuous constitutional development which "broadens down from precedent to precedent." And during those periods of comparative quiet, in which national affairs have gone on in the ordinary course, there has been, if not a noticeable hungering for campaigns and victories, at least a nervous susceptibility to the charms of dictatorship. Revolutionary France had special preparation for a military leader. The victories of the Republic, won against combined opposition from abroad, had compacted patriotic feeling into immeasurable sturdiness. But the Reign of Terror, with its monot-

ony of bloodshed, proved barren of fixed and hopeful constitutional results, and practically invited a ruler who could make the nation proud while giving it security.

The last strong personality who could have stemmed the violence of faction had passed away by the death of Mirabeau. Had he lived, the career of Napoleon might have been impossible. He was gaining the ascendancy over the demagogic elements, and clearly saw the limits beyond which democratic change was unsafe. His death was a severance of the uniting bond which had preserved something like consistency and harmony in the aspirations of true friends of the democracy, who hoped to save the monarchy while giving a large measure of liberty to the people. The Revolution had disastrously ignored the distinction between political principles founded on experience, and those which touch, with an alluring, but dangerous vagueness, moral sensibility and misguided aspirations. The latter seemed to fill the field of thought and experiment and encouraged the schemes of political adventurers.

Napoleon himself was Jacobin, Moderate, and the incarnation of order, according to the exigencies which made each expedient or necessary. His opportunity came after the failure of successive attempts to realize constitutional freedom had left it doubtful whether the hopes of the time were not visionary, and prepared the way for measures of reaction. Failing to gain a free constitution and forced to seek the object next attainable, France accepted the quieting rule of Napoleon. She then gave him her blood and treasure in return for fame and territory. Even after her enthusiasm waned she kept up the expenditure until exhaustion brought it to an end. She had already done the same under Louis XIV. From the time of Napoleon until the Third Republic, France lent

herself, though not so unreservedly, to the fortunes of more than one leader, and it remains to be seen whether she has yet given up her immemorial preference for the danger which such a course involves.

Since 1871, there has been a change in the usual course of French history. Parliamentary government is on its trial, and, for once, men are of less account than principles—at least, according to constitutional theory. But the people are complaining of their poverty in great men. The whole lifetime of the Third Republic has not produced, with the exceptions of Thiers and Gambetta, a leader of sufficient force to gain the complete confidence of the people. The last two decades of French politics have been poor in great men, poor in genuine public spirit, poor even in that effective assertion in foreign affairs which was formerly so well sustained. Little wonder, then, that there should be an enthusiastic revival of interest in those triumphant years when France saw all her enemies, with one exception, under the dictation and heavy hand of Napoleon. It matters not that Trafalgar, the Russian campaign, Leipzig or Waterloo may be set over against the long list of his victories; for the larger sphere of his activity eclipsed that of any single enemy, and challenged fame by its unprecedented character. The *revouche* is a thirst which may be slaked, at least in imagination, by calling up the time when the allotment of Italian territories, the submission of Austria, the dismemberment of Prussia, and the triumphant compact of Tilsit were incidents in the proud course of French dominance in Europe. Friends of the vanished order are singing again the praises of the man for whom their countrymen became as clay in the hands of the potter in order that his schemes of conquest might be carried into effect. The echo of their praise is loud in the periodical literature of the day; but it is sure to suggest questions as to

whether it serves a good purpose and deserves the attention it excites. Napoleon and his work cannot be fairly estimated in the counsels of national vanity, because an issue of hero-worship is raised, involving impartial considerations. Some great historic names will always be talismanic, will always be factors in the inspiration and direction of public opinion. But those to whom that eminence belongs have passed through the ordeal of criticism, prompted by high ideals of the useful and good; skill and genius must be called to account and judged by the character of their works. Whatever their achievements, they are likely to suffer if joined to defects which reduce their possessor to the level of moral kinship with Attila or Jenghiz Khan.

On what are Napoleon's claims to the approval of posterity founded? Can he be justly claimed as a friend of the emancipating movement, of which the Revolution, in spite of its excesses, was the true manifestation? Was he a merciful and generous conqueror, viewed in the light even of the stern requirements of war? Was he a constructive statesman, with true insight into the permanent fitness, as contrasted with the temporary purpose, of the reforms introduced during the consulate and opening years of the First Empire?

Any answer to these questions must be prefaced by a reference to the Napoleonic legend—that fanciful embodiment of genius and heroism, which gained so high a place in the French mind as to place its object above the restraints of sane criticism. A legend it may be justly called, for though not strictly so after the ancient or mediæval fashion, it is none the less an accretion of crude and false notions on a basis of fact. It has grown up in the very midst of an age distinguished by physical research and the pitiless unveiling of cherished idols. It made the Second Empire possible. The causes which produced

it explain the blind devotion of the people during the life of a despot and the apotheosis of a destroyer. Napoleon seized opportunely upon the dominant political passion of his countrymen, and fed it with such stimulating material that the ideals of civic liberty and justice sank out of view. His worshippers have transferred to him qualities of public and private character which he never had, and with which he would never have been credited if his military successes has not dulled their discernment. It is surprising that an earnest Republican like M. Thiers should have spent a large portion of his literary career in supporting this popular delusion. The "*Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*" abounds with errors which seem to have been adopted from the common mass of misapprehension. M. Thiers has been charged with fear of confronting the popular prejudice. But what he failed to do has been courageously accomplished by M. Lanfrey, whose great work was the first attempt to estimate impartially the career of Napoleon with strict reference to the worth of the governing motives. Thus began that juster method of literary treatment which has since marked many of the Napoleonic biographies. Generally speaking, the critical view of this great man has been permanently cleared from certain beliefs still held by the French popular mind. He could scarcely be blamed for making out as favorable a case for himself as possible; and for some years his utterances could not be successfully challenged. He controlled the sources and conduits of information. But the vast range of an activity which touched so many nations could not but furnish independent evidence with which his own words may be compared. That evidence has been sifted by numerous writers, with the result of discrediting many of the statements hitherto unquestioned. His well-known letter to Talleyrand, in which he alludes to his proclamations

and speeches as a romance, is a suggestive indication of his disposition to misrepresent facts. I do not think it is necessary to dwell upon the point, as the limits of a magazine article do not permit any adequate consideration of the large body of research which has thrown light on a subject so long misunderstood. All that is necessary to be said may be comprised in the statement that Napoleon's own misrepresentations and successive changes of political attitude and belief were the main source of the legend that bears his name, and that the legend is finally discredited. The influence exerted by it warns us of the necessity of considering many of his public acts with reference to the coloring given them by his assertions. Who believes, for example, in his protestations of self-sacrifice and devotion to France in divorcing Josephine? Who could believe in the disinterestedness of his professed desire to liberate nations from the reactionary grasp of their monarchs, a profession made in the midst of his own spoliations? These, and many others of a similar character, were the explanations of a man who habitually veiled his purpose, or pursued it regardless of moral considerations, and who, when the purpose had been effected, sought to harmonize it with generosity and justice.

It is a suggestive fact that the present Napoleon worship, revived in France, and echoed abroad, is largely the expression of a national mood which needs a solacing object. One could easily mention names whose steady and increasing light is poured forth without dependence upon times and circumstances. Those eminent characters whom civilization has canonized by its tests of merit do not need such fitful endorsement. There is a tendency to lessen the number and to heighten the quality of the marks of distinction which history requires in those who are candidates for her final approval. This tendency does away somewhat with the unessential

differences which belong to varieties of occupation and performance. The vocation of a warrior may sometimes serve the best interests of peace; and, in so far as the conquerors of the past have added to the permanent benefit of the race, they have a higher claim to fame than military genius can give.

Enlightened opinion would say that a great commander sustains throughout his entire career the responsibility of building anew out of the ruins in his track of victory. The conquerors of Asian history, as a rule, were destroyers of large masses of men, and without concern for any other end than territorial aggrandizement. Western civilization, with its free play of individualism, and the complexity and compromise which mark its social and political arrangements, has no recognition of wars of conquest, except as a meliorating agency used by a superior for the benefit of an inferior race. But it has an acute concern with the career of one who, acting in a highly organized society embodying the results of many ages of development, uses all the resources in his power, as a military commander, in methods and for ends which have their prototypes in the despotism of Oriental history. For it is beyond dispute that Napoleon did not pursue conquest more as a means than an end—as a gratification of selfish ambition. At different times in his career he had the chance of respite from struggle, but only once did he sincerely wish to embrace it. He might have stopped his invasions in 1809, when at the height of his power; as he was then the head of a confederacy whose thorough organization would have made him the strongest of rulers; but his ungovernable passion for war could not be satisfied while there remained a government to defy him. No considerations of humanity or mercy stood in the way of this striving for universal dominion. At the beginning of his career he showed

the same disregard for human suffering which characterized him afterwards. He was disposed to look upon all available human lives as material to feed his insatiable love of fighting.

Nor have his brilliant successes blinded military critics to his grave tactical mistakes. Apart from the political reasons for his wars, he sometimes chose the most unsafe plans in prosecuting them. The Egyptian and Russian campaigns, however visionary as political schemes, were also failures from a military point of view. The immense distances to be covered demanded the most skilful protection of his base of supplies, yet he acted on the principle that could only be successful in smaller and more fertile areas—that of forcing decisive battles by movements so rapid that his army could sustain itself on the countries which it overran. He pursued these tactics until he taught the old-fashioned continental generals the secret of the first defeats at his hands. Others, indeed, had divined his methods, and knew how to meet them. Accordingly, he was foiled by Sir John Moore when the latter retreated before Napoleon's advance with a superior force, in Spain, an advance made with his usual intention of cutting communications by surprise and crushing by a sudden blow. Moore quickly retired, and left his pursuer to the choice of an unprofitable chase. But if he could not catch and destroy Moore, still less were the impregnable lines of Torres Vedras in danger from French plans of attack. Throughout the Peninsular War, the attempts of Napoleon's marshals, men well schooled in the principles of their master, were met and defeated in a way which evinced a decided British superiority in strategic movements. The German armies, in the war of liberation, showed they were no longer liable to be beaten as they had been before, and the Russians proved in several battles how well they had learned the lesson of their first mistakes. In short, par-

tisan exaggeration has gilded his military record, as if that phase of his fame were to be preserved above reproach, however vulnerable he might be from other standpoints.

It is not of so much importance to discuss his military skill as to notice the use he made of victory. It may be said, in general, that his calculations misled him as to the latent resistance in the conquered populations, and that he was thereby tempted into undue severity in the dictation of terms of peace. He aggravated the humiliation of defeat by acts of brutal tyranny. Prussians could not forget his treatment of their beloved Queen Louisa; all Germany was shocked by his execution of Palm, the bookseller, who refused to reveal an objectionable author's name; good Catholics could not forgive his imprisonment of the Pope. He underestimated the vitality of the feeling of independence, and, instead of prudent conciliations, left his defeated enemies in the fires of a deep resentment which had the strength of patience to bide the time. Not genuine pacification; not the granting of real liberty to any subject state, however undeniably led to expect it; not the encouragement of nationalities, was his aim; but the results of each campaign were to be made the leverage of some new scheme of conquest. One of his biographers, speaking of the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, says:—"And it now appears that Bonaparte had desired only the glory of having made peace, not peace itself, just as, earlier, after making the Peace of Campo Formio, he had taken measures, by the Egyptian expedition, to embroil Europe again." Napoleon had infinite cunning in deceiving as to his intentions, especially when he wished to gain time, as in the case of his friendly overtures to England in 1799; but he never sincerely wished for peace until after the defeat of Leipsic, when he was nearing exhaustion, and the French people had begun to weigh the cost of his oppressive

leadership. They had been painfully disillusioned. After Leipsic came Fontainebleau, and the first abdication showed them the deplorable results of all this campaigning. Their hero had left France smaller and poorer than he had found it, and with the work of the Revolution to be again undertaken.

The political significance of his career is a cause of vehement controversy. It is often said that the impact of his invasions destroyed effete customs of the continental monarchies and gave a progressive impulse to reform. But it should not be forgotten that the enthusiasm of the Revolution had gone abroad in advance of Napoleon, and had given rise to aspirations which were hindered and crushed by his military successes. It is not to his credit that the nationality movement, itself a consequence of the Revolution, was quickened by the tyrannous treatment to which he had subjected the different peoples of the continent. Nationalism was their protest, not his accomplishment. It was not in his programme to encourage political liberty, and thereby enhance the difficulties in his way; though he was quite free to declare a theoretic preference for it. Whatever his views on government, he took care that speech and deed should not embarrass each other. The legend will have him a democrat and a liberator; his enemies a sultan and a burglar of the nations. I believe impartial criticism will at least deny him to be a true child of the Revolution. There is, indeed, a youthful period in which he was indoctrinated with Rousseau, and still later, a brief time of at least apparent sympathy and co-operation with the Robespierres. He professed and used the revolutionary principles as long as they served him; but after the first foretaste of power, which came to him in the Italian campaigns of 1795, he repudiated republican principles. From that time until his death he did not give a genuine indication of sympathy

with constitutional freedom and government, for it is impossible to be misled by the palpable artifice of his last proclamation, incorporated as a preamble to the Act which, in the midst of the Hundred Days, was designed to prop his failing power. In this preamble he stated that "formerly he had endeavored to organize a grand federal system in Europe, which he had regarded as agreeable to the spirit of the time and favorable to the progress of civilization," that "for this purpose he had adjourned the introduction of free institutions," but that "henceforward he had no other object but to increase the prosperity of France by strengthening public liberty." This might sound very well in the endeavor to appease the last coalition formed against him, but it had a hollow ring in contrast with his record, and as a device it failed. It was not his fault, if his words could be believed, that Europe was deceived as to his political principles. As soon as he felt his sword to be the free weapon of his fortune, political principles, especially democratic, were cast aside for the calculations of the militarist. In June, 1796, he said to Miot:—"The Commissioners of the Directory have no concern with my policy; I do what I please:"—a frank declaration that he was no longer the responsible servant of the Republic. Nothing could be more conclusive than the following statements made to Miot and Melzi, after his first Italian campaign was over:—"Do you suppose I mean to found a republic? What an idea! a republic of thirty millions of people! with our morals, our vices! how is such a thing possible? The nation wants a chief, a chief covered with glory, not theories of government, phrases, ideological essays that the French do not understand. They want some playthings; that will be enough; they will play with them and let themselves be led, always supposing they are cleverly prevented from seeing the goal towards which they are moving."

There is not much of the spirit of the Revolution in these words. It is probable they stood for his genuine convictions, but in nowise did they prevent him from afterwards posing as as political reformer and democrat. It is one of the comedies of history that Napoleon, after the close of his career, should have been set forth as a revolutionary hero; it is, in fact, one of the colorings of the legend.

High praise has justly been given him for the administrative reforms effected during the Consulate and the first two or three years of the Empire. What he did must surely suggest how beneficent might have been his career if his genius as lawgiver and administrator had not been almost merged in a policy of destruction. The civil and criminal codes, the judicial and financial systems, the educational and ecclesiastical institutions of France, are substantially the same as when they left his hand. He saw clearly, not only what was best for his time, but what was able to stand the tests of future times. Hence political change has but slightly touched this part of his work. It may be said, perhaps, in diminution of his eminent merit, that he had much skilled aid and little opposition. The old administrative system had been unsettled by theorists and fanatics, leaving, paradoxical as the statement may seem, a clear field to the firm will and keen perceptions needed to call forth order from confusion. It was easier to construct a system under these conditions than if the changes required had been troublesome modifications of a preceding system. The exigency called for radical and comprehensive measures, and was promptly met by the able men who gave their assistance under the supervising mind of the First Consul. It needs to be said, also, that political opinion had been paralyzed by the constitution which Sieyès had devised, and under which Napoleon had centred power in his own hands. * Everything was favorable to quick and co-

herent work by a clear-sighted and decisive man.

The key to this marvellous career seems well indicated in Emerson's remark, "Napoleon renounced, once for all, sentiments and affections, and would keep himself with his hands and his head." Dr. Conan Doyle has lately expressed an opinion to the effect that in this remarkable character there is a lack of finality which sets reasoned conclusions at naught; that just as we are about to pronounce him a gentleman as well as a genius, some act of ineffable meanness negatives it all; and that when we had quite made up our minds to his cynicism and selfishness, we stumble on unexpected proofs of generosity. It is quite true that any character lacks finality, or rather stability and sincerity, which does not acknowledge the authority of conscience. But if we view Napoleon's character in relation to his acts and achievements it is singularly compact and complete. The apparent contradictions are explained by reference to the end he had in view. The clear, cold insight of the intellect, resting on a phenomenal power of will, regarded only the object to be gained, and brushed aside the commands of conscience and the appeals of feeling. To say that he was capable of warm personal attachment proves nothing to the point. I doubt if there is an instance in which he allowed any attachment to interfere with his plans. He loved Josephine until he saw the expediency of an alliance with the Hapsburgs. No doubt this clear perception, this imperious will, and its accompanying mastery of detail, sometimes failed to compass the desired effect. Blind passion sometimes spurred him on to a point where the ratio between means and end became confused, and put out reason's vision of the impossible. Besides, there was a vein of superstition in his Corsican nature, which may have been allowed an unseemly influence in certain crises of his career.

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The spell of exaltation, due to his marvellous victories, occasionally led him to slight the mathematics of war. He had, it is said, a belief in his star—a belief quite harmless so long as it did not weaken his unrivalled grasp of facts. It is more than likely that his scheme of English invasion, the Russian campaign and the attempted stoppage of European commerce by the Continental System, originated in the excessive presumption the previous successes of which brought him to believe almost everything within his reach. It cannot be said, however, that either headlong passion or the superstitious vein interfered with his mental operations to a degree sufficient to impair their habitual energy and clearness. Something must be allowed to the effect of immense achievements on a mind which had often seen gigantic plans realized, which had taken the measure of difficulty in many new situations and had not often miscalculated, and which had shown the greatest fertility of resource in evolving and effectuating new schemes to succeed others which had proved impracticable. Powers and successes such as these are often sufficient to tempt the sanity of great men, and Napoleon had a full share of the self-confidence which makes temptation dangerous.

Carlyle points out the indestructible respect for reality, which, in spite of quackeries and insincerity, kept him in intellectual sympathy with the facts of morality and religion. It would have been impossible to mislead him by the vagaries of the Encyclopædists. He knew the naturalness and necessity of religious worship, and restored the Church to be its organ. He showed how futile were the crass abolitions of all the old political institutions by the doctrinaires. He recognized the training needed for full citizenship, and felt there was but little of it in the France of his day. But all this clear vision had little reinforcement from moral sympathies.

His conduct showed him to have been consistent in his avowal that men are mainly influenced by two motives,—self-interest and fear. His abstract views of love, duty and religion were not allowed to restrict his use of available means. With the hopes, fears and protests of the people whom he ruled he dealt as a mechanician who would convert them, were it possible, into their precise equivalents of material power. Men, institutions, currents of popular feeling, peculiarities of national character,—all were so many units of force to be utilized according to his dynamics of war, or the necessities of his politics.

The final estimate of Napoleon will not be vitiated by veiling the man with his record as statesman and warrior. He may be compared to the man who begins a business career with the intention of supplementing the earnings of labor by his wits. He does not propose to gain a fortune exclusively by honesty, when other methods will assist. He sees that the scruples of conscience will be

fatal to the dexterous use of opportunities. He knows that the fluctuations of the financial world offer rich prizes to quick perception and prompt greed, and forthwith tempers his generosity with the most hardened maxims of competition. He soon realizes that under the legitimate forms of business there is a network of fraud whose meshes he may perchance escape, and his cleverness essays the venture. He may succeed and gain his millions by the loss of character; but eventually his conduct will find him out. And so with the Jupiter Scapin of modern times. No man ever made such a stir in the world, so much dust and flame; and none ever tested more thoroughly the resources of greed, fraud and cruelty in the hands of sovereign power. Yet his vast empire fell to pieces in a few years, as if to bear witness to the weakness of injustice. His fame, as a man of genius, will endure; but as conscience is the ruling element of character, no zeal or praise can ever 'make' him a hero.

PARTRIDGE ISLAND.

Beneath the ceaseless countings of the sun
 Of days and years that round the centuries,
 Thou standest where the ocean smites thy knees,
 Dark in thy grandeur, moveless and alone.
 Countless the storms against thy temples thrown;
 The crumbling touch of years, the wash of seas,
 Slow steal into thy hidden treasures;
 And with the deep thy strife is never done.

And when the sailor shrinking from the shock
 That soon will rend his vessel at thy feet,
 How pitiless thy brow that fronts the tide!
 The thundering crash of fallen cliff and rock
 Oft bares a gem aglisten, as to greet
 From the young world thou canst no longer hide.

Wolfville, N.S.

J. F. HERBIN

HALIFAX HEROES.

The Story of a Pestilence.

BY W. B. WALLACE, LL.B.

A PLAIN narrative of leading incidents in connection with an event which created a profound sensation in Nova Scotia twenty-nine years ago may prove interesting to the readers of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

The emigrant steamer *England* left Liverpool, England, on March 29th, 1866, for New York, with 1260 passengers on board, and a crew of 100 men. Apparently there was no sickness on board when she sailed, but, after being at sea for about five days, Asiatic Cholera made its appearance among the steerage passengers. A large number of Germans had embarked on her at Liverpool, and it is generally believed that some of these passengers brought the latent infection with them from Germany. The dreadful disease spread rapidly among the passengers, and when the engineers of the ship were themselves attacked by it, the captain decided to put into Halifax for medical assistance. She arrived at this port about the 9th of April, 1866, by which time over 90 deaths had occurred from the disease. The bodies were buried at sea just as they were clothed at the time of death. The day after her arrival at Halifax, fifty more deaths occurred, and it was plain that the staff on board the ship could not cope successfully with the rapidly-spreading infection. It was decided to use the ship *Pyramus* as a hospital where some of the infected could be received and treated, and to transfer others to an island at the mouth of Halifax Harbor, called McNab's Island, a large portion of which was made a quarantine station. The agents of the ship, S. Cunard & Co., called for volunteers to assist in

handling the dead and in transferring the sick to the receiving ship *Pyramus* or to McNab's Island. About twenty citizens responded to the call and appeared in person at the office of the steamer's agents.

Among the volunteers was James McCormick, who is still a resident of Halifax, and to whom I am indebted for many interesting facts in connection with this subject. He, with his assistant volunteers, attended at the office of S. Cunard & Co., on the 13th of April, where final instructions were given them, and then they were conveyed to the ship *England*, accompanied by Dr. John Slayter, then Health Officer at this port. They remained on board the *England* all that night and part of the following day.

It was not considered practicable that night to put the dead into coffins, and their bodies were disposed of by tying short iron bars to the feet and then dropping the bodies overboard just as they were taken from the steerage. Some of the passengers were found lying dead on the lower deck, and a large number were found dead in their bunks, while others were huddled together in odd corners, breathing their last. There were between 50 and 60 bodies thrown overboard that night. The volunteers worked all night at their gruesome task, and the stillness of the night was broken by the groans of the dying, and now and then the ominous splash of water at the ship's side, telling of the casting of another body into the sea. The air was heavy with the smell of carbolic acid, sulphur and other disinfectants. The following day a load of coffins ar-

rived, and the remaining dead were placed in coffins and taken to McNab's Island, while the sick were removed to the *Pyramus*.

The *England* was anchored off Finlay's grounds on McNab's Island, and the *Pyramus* lay just astern of her. On McNab's Island, a small house, which had been deserted by its occupants, was used as a residence for the doctors, and Dr. Slayter improvised a sort of hospital in connection with it. A system of signalling at night time, by means of lights from this house was adopted. The action of Dr. Slayter in offering his services to take charge of the sick at the quarantine station was purely voluntary, as, technically, that was not a duty devolving upon him in his official position as Health Officer, his general duties as such official being sufficient to preclude his remaining in quarantine. In order, however, that the official duties of his position might be efficiently performed at Halifax while he was in quarantine, Dr. Slayter had requested the then Provincial Secretary, Dr. Tupper (the present High Commissioner), to appoint an assistant Health Officer, and this was done.

On the morning of the 13th, His Grace the late Archbishop Connolly, accompanied by Mr. Hagarty, now of Her Majesty's Customs, rowed out to the *England* but was not allowed to approach nearer than hailing distance. The Archbishop asked the Captain as to the condition of the immigrants and was told of the alarming spread of the disease and of the intention to transfer the sufferers to the *Pyramus* and to McNab's Island. On returning to his residence at the old glebe house, the Archbishop was called upon by the Rev. Father McIsaac, then attached to St. Patrick's parish. Father McIsaac came to ask permission of His Grace to attend to the spiritual necessities of the sick at the proposed quarantine station. His Grace consented, and the two clergymen, without any delay, rowed out to

the *England*; Father McIsaac not even delayed to secure additional clothing. After their business had been communicated to the Captain, he agreed to afford the priest every assistance, and, as the priest was to remain in quarantine, he was allowed to go on board the *England* before going to the island. The scene on board the ship that morning was indeed a sad one. At the side of the ship was a large boat, from which empty coffins were being taken to the ship, while two other boats were being loaded with coffins containing dead bodies from the ship. A curious incident occurred just as the priest was clambering up the high side of the emigrant ship. A coffin containing a corpse was about to be lowered into a boat near him, when the lid, which was improperly fastened, suddenly opened, and, to the horror of all beholders, the corpse fell from the coffin over the side of the ship and struck the head of the priest as he was climbing up a ladder on the ship's side, and then it fell into one of the boats alongside the ship. This was a sufficiently uncanny incident to unnerve most men, but it did not shake the resolution of Father McIsaac, who waved a goodbye to the Archbishop and then went below to administer spiritual consolation to the infected. He subsequently went on board the *Pyramus*, and then landed on McNab's Island, where, for the first two nights, he slept in one of the tents which had been erected for the patients. Afterwards he took up his abode with the doctors, who occupied a small house which then stood on the hill, not far from the western shore of the island. He frequently attended the sick on board the *Pyramus*, rowing out to this ship twice a day and generally making his sick calls on the island at night-time.

The medical staff on the island were Dr. John Slayter, Dr. John Garvie, Dr. Gossip and Frank Garvie, a medical student. These medical gentlemen worked night and day, combatting the

disease and trying to relieve the sufferings of the infected. The duties of the doctors were varied by three midwifery cases. For the first two days after the passengers were transferred to the island it was almost impossible to control their movements. Even those who were seriously affected by the malady would not remain quiet, but tried to elude their attendants, and a large number of the infected succeeded in escaping to the woods. Some of the male immigrants, maddened with terror and lost to everything but the instinct of self-preservation, seized the food of the women and children, and behaved so riotously that it became necessary to send to McNab's Island a detachment of the 2nd Battalion of the 17th Regiment to preserve order and keep the immigrants within quarantine bounds. Before the soldiers arrived, however, quite a number of the infected had escaped from quarantine. Several days afterwards the decomposing bodies of some of these unfortunates were discovered in the woods.

On Saturday evening, April 14th, word was sent to the city that it was very desirable to secure, if possible, some female nurses to attend to the female emigrants and the emigrant children on the island, and on the following morning the Archbishop applied to the Sisters of Charity for the duty. Three Sisters were selected from among those who volunteered, and early on Monday morning, April 16th, they were conveyed to the island, accompanied by the Archbishop, who landed with them and introduced them to Dr. Slayter, who met the party near the shore and just outside the quarantine line. The Sisters brought with them a large supply of new clothing for the children and women. Although the weather just then was very cold and there was snow on the ground, many of the poor emigrants were very scantily clad, and the clothing they had was not remarkable for its cleanliness.

The *Pyramus* was anchored just off Finlay's wharf, on the western side of the island, several hundred yards from the lighthouse. An eyewitness has told me that when the disease was at its worst, a person standing on the western side of the island could see coffins being lowered from the *Pyramus*; other coffins were lowered from the *England*, and still other coffins were carried from the pest-house on the island to a huge trench which had been dug on the hillside not far from the shore, and within a stone's throw of Finlay's wharf, where so many gay picnic parties now land in summer-time.

The sufferings of the unfortunate emigrants were intense, notwithstanding the efforts made by the doctors, the priest, and the Sisters to relieve them. Many of them appeared to be in a state of semi-starvation. At breakfast-time on the first morning after their arrival on the island, while Dr. Gossip and Dr. Garvie were endeavoring to supply them with soup from a large pot, the hunger-maddened crowd, in pushing and struggling to obtain the nourishment, upset the pot, which emptied its contents on the ground. From day to day the heroic staff of doctors, nurses and guards found great difficulty in endeavoring to control the movements of their patients, and it was officially stated that at least 100 of the unfortunates died in the woods to which they had escaped.

A few days after the band of volunteers had arrived on the island, one of their number, Patrick Reardon, died. He had been attending to one of the infected passengers, and on the evening of the very day this passenger died, poor Reardon himself exhibited symptoms of the disease and died during the night. Reardon's death made the prevailing gloom deeper. But the little band of heroes and heroines on the island were destined very soon to receive a greater blow in the death of the energetic, skilful and

courageous Health Officer. Dr. Slayter had been working day and night among the sufferers. He visited the tents of the sick on the island every day, superintended the furnishing of a daily report of the number of deaths to the proper authorities, visited the sick on the *Pyramus*, and assisted in the burial of the dead on the island. Dr. Garvie, writing to the Provincial Secretary, said, "Slayter is *everywhere*, administering to the wants of the sick and dying." In this and other work, Dr. Slayter was ably assisted by Dr. Gossip, Dr. John Garvie and Frank Garvie, and by the clergymen and Sisters. At last he fell a victim to the dread disease himself. McCormick, who had been chosen by Dr. Slayter as a lay assistant or "doctor's mate," described to me only a few days ago the last night of Dr. Slayter's life. This is the statement as taken from his own lips:

"A German emigrant had just died, and we were putting him in a coffin, at the foot of which his two dead children had just been placed. It was after midnight of the 16th of April, and Dr. Slayter, who had not been well during the day, was then almost completely exhausted. There was no one present in the room with the three dead bodies but Dr. Slayter, myself, and an Irish Catholic friar who came out as a saloon passenger on the *England* and intended to go to New York. This clergyman, however, had accompanied the sick emigrants to the island, and assisted Father McIsaac in attending to their spiritual wants. The doctor took the head of the dead German, and I took his feet, and we lifted him into the coffin. The body appeared to be almost too large for the coffin, and while Dr. Slayter was endeavoring to arrange the body so that the coffin could be fastened, we were startled to see him fall back and cry out in pain, and he was almost immediately seized with violent vomiting. We hoisted the signal light for a boat from the ship, and a boat soon

came, and we helped the doctor to the ship's boat and accompanied him to the ship's surgery. The friar, between whom and Dr. Slayter a warm friendship had sprung up, accompanied us to the ship. The short row to the ship was the saddest I ever had. I had seen Reardon die only a couple of days before, and I began to fear that perhaps another death would soon follow. Dr. Slayter, however, though quite weak, seemed cheerful in the boat, and it seemed hard to believe that such a big, strong, hearty man as he was would not recover. I was allowed to remain with him in the ship's surgery. He was not on board a half-hour before he was seized with such violent cramps that it was almost impossible to keep in his bunk. I never saw such awful agony before. He complained of griping pain at the pit of his stomach, and a burning thirst. He also suffered intensely from cramps in the legs, and it was enough to make one's heart bleed to see him suffer and to feel then that so little could be done to relieve him. At last he became completely worn out, and his body became cold and had a purplish hue, and his eyes seemed to me to sink back into his head. He felt that he was dying, and bade us a last good-bye, with a voice so husky that he could hardly speak. He mentioned something about his wife and children, but his voice had sunk to such a hoarse whisper that we could not catch distinctly what he said. At last he went into a sort of trance, and soon afterwards his brave heart ceased to beat. The time between the beginning of his attack until it was ended by death could not have been more than six hours."

The news of his death soon spread over the island and filled everyone with the deepest grief. But there were serious duties devolving upon those who remained. Dr. Slayter was buried on the island, where his body remained for some months, until his relatives had his remains transferred to Camp Hill Cemetery, where a hand-

some monument, erected by the city, now marks his last resting-place. Three days after Dr. Slayter's death, the pilot who brought the *England* into port, and two of his children, died. The doctors who still remained on the island, the Sisters and the clergymen resumed their arduous duties. A large number of tents had been erected on the island, and the sick occupied these tents. There was an average of four patients in each tent. The women were in separate tents from the male patients. It was not an uncommon thing for the doctors, on their morning visits, to find in a tent the corpse of a man who had died during the previous night. The sleep of the doctors and their associates was frequently broken by messengers from some of the tents asking for doctor or priest to attend some stricken one. Occasionally, the infected one would come himself in the night time, in a state of great alarm; to see the doctor or priest, or both. The labors of the doctors and clergymen during this trying period cannot be too highly praised. It was a dreary duty which they performed, in attending the sick calls at night from tent to tent, trudging over a bad road, stumbling over tent ropes, and occasionally even losing their way. From some of their visits they would return completely exhausted.

One night, Rev. Mr. McIsaac was called out during a rain storm to attend a dying patient, and, while returning, the light in his lantern went out and he had great difficulty in reaching home. To add to his troubles, his hat was blown off in the storm, and when at last he reached the house, hatless, chilled and exhausted, he was seized with vomiting and cramps and developed other symptoms of the dread disease. The doctors in the house and the doctor on the *Pyramus* attended him, and fortunately he soon grew better and renewed his labors. He remained on the island until all surviving patients were free from the

disease and the last traces of cholera had disappeared. Considerable delay occurred in obtaining permission for him to return to the city, but after some difficulty, through the exertions of the Archbishop he was granted permission to land at the Archbishop's country residence, his clothes being burned at the wharf. The meeting between the priest and the Archbishop was most affecting, Father McIsaac being greeted as if rescued from the grave. The Archbishop could appreciate the dangers which his friend had encountered, as His Grace himself had in previous years attended plague-stricken passengers. As was truly said of His Grace, by Rev. Dr. Grant, the distinguished Presbyterian divine, now Principal of Queen's University, Kingston, but at that time a resident of Halifax, "No danger appalled him." Twice he was stricken down with ship fever. He faced the worst forms of contagion on land as well as on emigrant ships.

After remaining with His Grace for some days, Father McIsaac was permitted to return to his old parish, and the welcome he received from his parishioners was of the warmest kind. The City Council of that day passed resolutions eulogizing the services of the surviving doctors, the clergymen, and Sisters of Charity, and decided to erect a suitable monument to the memory of Dr. Slayter. This monument stands in the north-western portion of Camp Hill Cemetery, and contains the following inscription:

THIS MEMORIAL
IS ERECTED BY THE MAYOR AND ALDERMEN
OF THE CITY OF HALIFAX,
TO MARK THE ESTIMATION ENTERTAINED
BY THE CITIZENS
FOR THE HEROIC CONDUCT OF
JOHN SLAYTER, M.D.,
Late Health Officer for this Port,
WHO, WHILE IN THE DISCHARGE OF HIS
DUTIES ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP "ENGLAND," IN QUARANTINE IN THE HARBOR OF HALIFAX,
FELL A VICTIM TO CHOLERA,
APRIL 17TH, 1866,
IN THE 36TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

The surviving doctors were each presented with a gold watch by the civic authorities. The House of Assembly unanimously passed a measure granting to the widow of Dr. Slayter the sum of \$2,000. Dr. Tupper, in the course of his address in the Legislature, in moving the grant of \$2,000, referred in eloquent terms to the circumstances under which Dr. Slayter had fallen a victim to the disease which he had heroically undertaken to encounter. In proceeding to refer to the character Dr. Slayter bore as a gentleman and as a member of the medical profession Dr. Tupper became so much affected that he was unable to proceed with his address.

The then Attorney-General (Hon. W. A. Henry), afterwards Mr. Justice Henry of the Supreme Court of Canada, came to the relief of his colleague in the Government, and, after speaking briefly and feelingly of Dr. Slayter's death, moved the resolution which the Provincial Secretary had risen to move.

In a letter written by General Williams, who was then Governor of Nova Scotia, to the Right Hon. Edward Cardwell, Secretary for the Colonies, on the 26th of April, 1866, the following paragraph occurs: "I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the heroic conduct and indefatigable energy in their attendance to the wants and necessities of the sufferers, of Dr. Slayter, the Health Officer of this port; Dr. Garvie, and his brother, a medical student; the Rev. Mr. McIsaac, a Roman Catholic priest, and three Sisters of Charity who volunteered their services in the quarantine station. During the stay of the steamer in this port no less than 200 deaths occurred from this fatal contagion, and it is with deep regret that I have to record the death of Dr. Slayter, who died from this disease while performing his duty in endeavoring to alleviate the sufferings of others."

The two Garvies are dead, and one of the Sisters of Charity is dead Dr.

Gossip is living at Windsor, N.S. Of the two surviving Sisters of Charity, one is now at the head of a prominent institution in Halifax, and the other is teaching in an educational institution outside the city. Father McIsaac resides at Rockingham, a suburb of Halifax, and is now quite an old man. He was offered by the civic authorities a substantial recognition of his services at the quarantine station, but declined it, doubtless adopting the principles laid down by Archbishop Connolly when presented with an address in which reference was made to services which he had rendered to emigrants suffering from malignant diseases. The words are so noble and appropriate that I cannot refrain from quoting them:

"In reference to my attendance on the sick, and the dangers to which my life has been exposed, the Catholic need scarcely be reminded that when the general welfare, or the cause of suffering humanity, or the still more important concern of man's salvation, is at stake, for the Catholic priest, no labor, or danger, not even the prospect of certain death itself, can be said to be a sacrifice. The right of self-preservation, under such circumstances, is foresworn in the very act of assuming the ministry of that first High Priest, who laid down His life for His flock, and who, by example, as by word, has proclaimed the universal law that every good shepherd must do the same."

The memory of the fearless and big-hearted physician who lost his life in laboring with almost superhuman zeal to alleviate the sufferings of others is cherished in Nova Scotia, and the older citizens of Halifax speak of him affectionately as a man whom they were proud to know, and whose unselfishness and courage were constantly manifested to them during the whole of his professional career, so sadly shortened.

Our school histories devote considerable space to recording the deeds of

men who on the field of battle and under the inspiration of martial music have displayed great courage in fighting the enemies of their country, but it is a higher type of courage to voluntarily leave a loving wife and a family of loved little ones, and, with full appreciation of the loathsome and deadly character of the disease, to go forth and fight a pestilential enemy whose very touch is almost certain to cause an agonizing death.

Halifax, N.S.

IN ARCADIE.

In Arcadie the summer's sun
With kindly light floods all the hills,
While distant echoes, faintly borne,
Come from the many mountain rills.

Then Daphne tunes his shepherd's reed
To sing the charms of Phyllis fair,
Or saunters through the flowery mead
To weave a chaplet for her hair.

Sweet scents of clover fill the air,
Or drowsy hum of laden bee,
While lowing kine and feeding flocks
Wind slowly o'er the daisied lea.

No listing cold, no sultry heat,
No thirst for gold, no strife for power,
No heed of fame, no vile deceit,
But sweet content in all this dower.

No wrinkles time writes on the brow,
No heart is pained with carking care,
Each shepherd loves his fellow swain,
And honest worth is monarch there.

ST. CATHARINES.

J. HENDERSON.





THE people of Ste. Thérèse often wondered how old Boisjoli, as he was always called, came to be the father of such a strangely beautiful creature. The old man's brown, wrinkled, weather-beaten visage, though strong and picturesque after its fashion, bore no resemblance to his daughter's fair, sweet face; and the girl's quiet, dreamy ways were not less unlike his abrupt, stern manners. A rare, dainty flower, dropped unexpectedly into Boisjoli's keeping, was Liza; and the old father, though he spoke little of his feelings, was not unconscious of the value of his possession.

Secretly he cherished grand dreams for the child; and over his evening pipe, as he watched her moving about the kitchen, intent on household duties, he gave vent to flights of imagination that would have astonished those who knew him only as the grim neighbor and taciturn friend.

The big farm, which lay on the outskirts of Ste. Thérèse had long since been cleared; there was money in the bank at Montreal; Liza, therefore, should go to the convent in the city, and add a few accomplishments to the rude education she had received at the neighboring school. After that—but the old man's ideas were not as yet clearly defined. What was certain, however, was, that Liza's fate would differ as much from that of the black-eyed girls of Ste. Thérèse as did her Madonna-like beauty differ from their

sturdy comeliness. That any unpropitious event should occur to mar his plans,—least of all, that the slim, brown boy from the settlement, who had come down to help him with the work of the farm, could interfere with his secretly cherished hopes,—did not for a moment occur to him.

True, the tall, lithe Gabriel, with his soft, black eyes, full, red lips, and glossy hair—the prominence of his cheek-bones alone betraying his Indian blood—was as beautiful, in his way, as Liza. But the stern man never saw the physical perfection of the lad. He had taken him to his home grudgingly, and only at the earnest solicitation of the *cure*, who loved and protected the boy, and he regarded him as distantly as possible.

But alas! Liza had looked into Gabriel's deep eyes, and already her cheek changed color at his approach, and already there were brief, stolen meetings in field and wood, while the grim father looked on and saw nothing. Yet how should he guess that his shy Liza, who would not even speak to the strong, young *cavaliers* who sometimes wistfully approached the house on Sundays, would deign to notice this brown-skinned young savage—the son of a race so hated and despised? It was his very contempt that blinded the father and gave the two young people opportunity to indulge in their delicious, hopeless dream undisturbed. It was not diffi-

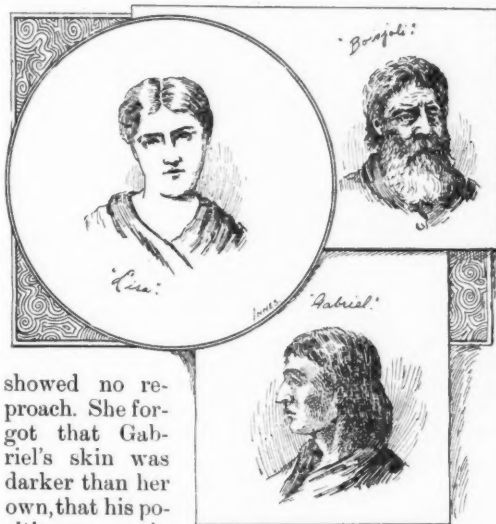
cult for them to meet often. On many a sultry noon, when Gabriel was at work in a distant field, instead of ringing the big bell Liza would be bidden to carry him down his simple lunch. The fluttering of her blue skirt across the fields was the signal for Gabriel to leave his task and seek the shady side of some tall hay mow or the shelter of a spreading tree and there await her coming with the entreating, worshipping gaze that would have deprecated her anger had she been disposed to resent his boldness. But Liza's soft eyes

tum, with scudding clouds and crisp winds, came again unto the Canadian landscape. It was on one of those chill, brief evenings, that Liza, wrapping a light covering about her, left the house just before sunset, and walked thoughtfully to the little wood that made a convenient shelter for the river's edge. Gabriel had been gone a week or more, his assistance being no longer needed upon the farm; but he came every evening in his canoe down the river to the grove that bounded the Boisjoli place. It was with fear and trembling that Liza

kept the tryst: nightly she feared detection, but as yet her absence had, apparently, passed unnoticed.

To-night, Gabriel was already at the appointed place. His canoe was dragged high up on the bank, and he himself stood leaning moodily against a tree. His old red cap lay beside him, and his hair, which reached almost to his shoulders, was blowing lightly about in the evening breeze. His eyes were fixed gloomily upon the ground, and it was evident that he suffered from deep dejection. Liza approached timidly.

"Gabriel," she whispered. He looked up quickly, but he did not smile or change his



showed no reproach. She forgot that Gabriel's skin was darker than her own, that his position was only that of a servant, that his future depended on the generosity—the charity even—of the few who loved him. His voice was sweeter than any she had ever heard, and his silent devotion gave a glimpse of romance to her lonely life. With few words, then, an understanding sprang up between them—an understanding all the more entrancing that no one suspected its existence or suggested its madness.

And so, swiftly, bewilderingly, the hot summer passed. September, mellow and pensive, touched the great fields with russet hues, and later au-

position.

Regarding her sadly, he asked, "Hast thou any word for me?"

"None."

He made a movement of impatience and despair. "It is always the same," he cried almost roughly. "Is it not better to tell all? What have I done that thou art afraid to speak my name? Thy father himself hath praised me. I worked for him as none other would—morning and night. If I can work, I shall not always be poor."

"But thou art Indian."

"Ah! I had forgotten." He fell

back sullenly against the tree again, and a deep frown clouded his handsome face.

Liza's tender heart was touched. "I, too, have forgotten," she said, gently, "but thou knowest my father. I dare not tell him. He spoke only to-day of sending me to the convent. If he knew it, he would kill thee."

A hot flush dyed the boy's brown cheek. "Dost think I fear him," he cried, proudly. Let me go with thee, and, by Ste. Anne, thou shalt see that I am no coward."

"Nay, nay," cried Liza, hurriedly. "I know thou art no coward, but that is not the way—thou would'st only anger him. Wait a little longer; perhaps—"

"I will not wait," he broke in fiercely. "It will be the same—forever. Thou wilt always be Liza Boisjoli, and I shall always be Gabriel the Indian—for what then do I wait?"

Liza did not answer. She sighed deeply, and her eyes slowly filled with tears. At her feet the river lapped the bank with a little moaning sound that mingled mysteriously with the rustling of the breeze among the dry leaves. Somewhere in the distance a loon was wailing disconsolately, and from the shadow of the deeper wood an owl hooted in a sudden, startled manner, and then was still. A feeling of intense melancholy took possession of her, she knew not why; and a pre-sence of coming evil thrilled every nerve. She turned to Gabriel. He was watching her closely, and his face betrayed a despondency as deep as her own. After a moment, however, a gleam of animation lit his gloomy eyes, and he straightened himself with something of eagerness.

"Liza, there is one who will tell us what to do. *M. le Curé* is my friend. Let us go to him now—at once.

Liza looked at him in dismay.

"Impossible! It is late. I could not get back before dark, and my father would question me. Perhaps, even now he misses me."

"Listen! I came here from the settlement in fifteen minutes, and I will take thee to the village even more quickly. My canoe can fly. In an hour thou shalt be at home again. Come!"

But Liza shook her head doubtfully. "We will be seen together, and my father will hear of it."

"Who would speak of it to him? I am his servant; cannot I take thee to the village if he commands? There is nothing strange about it. Come! I dare not wait. To-morrow, even, thou mayest be sent to the convent."

Still the girl hesitated. She looked at the quiet river, across which the slant rays of sunshine flickered freely. She knew that none could paddle a canoe as swiftly as Gabriel, and, after all, if they could consult the good friend, there would be no more any doubt or uneasiness for either of them. As Gabriel had said, the morrow, even, might be too late. The chances of detection were, to be sure, but slight. Her misgivings gradually vanished. "I will go," she said at last.

Gabriel sprang forward and snatched his cap from the ground. Then, picking up his light birchen craft, he dropped it on the water, steadying it for Liza to enter. As she moved down the bank she caught sight of her own canoe lying inverted upon the pebbles, with the paddle beside it, and she paused again irresolutely.

"Gabriel, I will take my own boat and follow. It will be safer for us both."

Gabriel threw back his head and looked at her. There was both anger and reproach in his eyes.

"Liza, if thou art ashamed of me, speak now and let me go."

"I am not ashamed of thee; but I am full of fear, and thou too art sadder than I have ever seen thee."

"Come then and let us end it all. The *père* will tell us what to do. Perhaps he himself will speak with thy father. Hasten—we lose time!"

Liza made no further remonstrance. They seated themselves in the canoe, and a few of Gabriel's vigorous strokes sent it shooting out toward the middle of the stream.

The swift, easy motion, the sense of isolation and freedom, had an immediate effect on Gabriel. He grew strangely exhilarated — his eyes gleamed brilliantly, and a sense of power seemed to take possession of him as he felt himself borne out into his familiar kingdom. The river at least, was his; the canoe, fashioned with his own hands, and his sole earthly possession, obeyed his slightest touch. Liza sat opposite. The world for a moment was his, and his spirits rose accordingly, with the buoyancy of his undisciplined nature.

Liza looked at him almost wistfully. How beautiful he was with the glow upon his face! Already he felt his troubles at an end; and yet his elation did not communicate itself to her. The indefinable weight still oppressed her. "Gabriel," she began, "art thou sure the *curé* will protect us?"

Gabriel laughed joyously. He opened his lips to reply, when suddenly from the shore behind them floated out a hoarse cry, and a voice that was choked and muffled with rage screamed brokenly: "Ah, thou *canaille*, son of devils! Ah, red-skinned thief! Thou would'st steal Old Boisjoli's daughter, would'st thou? But thou art too slow with thy prize. The old man will catch thee! The old man will cheat thee, *canaille*!"

Liza uttered a terrible cry, and pointed to the bank. There, fumbling with the canoe, and giving vent to fearful imprecations, was her father. In another instant he had shoved his craft into the water, and was advancing rapidly toward them.

At the first sound of the voice, Gabriel had ceased paddling. He sat now perfectly still, looking fixedly at the advancing canoe. There was a gray shade about his lips, and his hands were closed upon his light pad-

dle with a grip of iron. He waited thus until Boisjoli was almost abreast of them, and then, suddenly reversing his canoe, instead of proceeding up the river to the town he shot swiftly down the stream, his paddle flashing in the clear water with the rapidity of lightning. The elder man immediately followed, and then the strange, fierce, silent contest began.

Liza sat white and rigid in her place, her great terrified eyes fixed upon the pursuing canoe.

"Gabriel," she whispered after a while, "why dost thou go down the stream?"

Gabriel did not answer for a moment. A deep furrow showed itself between his eyes, and his lips were still tense and pale. At last he said briefly, "I do not wish to pass the village or the settlement."

"But how long wilt thou stay upon the river?"

"As long as he follows."

Liza relapsed again into frightened silence, and once more her gaze rested upon the bent, stern, laboring figure, that, losing, after a time, all familiarity of outline, seemed rather like an awful, avenging spectre. At times this persistent spectre came so near that she could see the white, relentless face, and hear the angry muttering; and once she called out entreatingly, "Father, father!" But no answer came, and then Gabriel's sweeping stroke dashed them forward, and the stern, laboring form of her father faded for a little into the vaguer distance.

Yet, though the elder man worked wildly, desperately, even the supernatural strength which rage for the moment gave him was no match for Gabriel's inherent dexterity, and the exertion that was exhausting the enraged father served only to excite and stimulate the supple boy.

And Gabriel fully realized his advantage. He used his skill mockingly—lying in wait for his follower only to more easily elude him.

To Liza, it seemed that hours had passed since the awful race began. Her senses were incapable of noting either time or place. The brown, sloping banks flew past; the river rippled and gleamed; the paddle sang and hissed as it struck the water; the golden sunset tints faded to gray; but none of these external things impressed themselves upon her. It was only when a hoarse, prolonged, threatening roar caught her ear that she roused herself to consideration. She looked down the river. A long, white, billowy line was stretched across the blue surface—a line that grew momentarily in proportion, until it assumed at length the appearance of a shining, shifting, yet impassable wall. With a piercing shriek she bent forward and clutched Gabriel's arm.

"The rapids!" she screamed. He shook her off savagely. His face was darkly flushed now, and a wild, almost ferocious, light burned in his eyes, transforming his whole face.

"The rapids," he echoed; "yes, I am going to shoot them."

"But, my father!"

"Let him turn back."

"But, he will not turn back—he is crazed with rage. Oh, Gabriel, Gabriel! He is old—he cannot pass the rapids—thou wilt not lead him on?"

Gabriel did not answer.

She clasped her hands, and threw herself forward until the skiff rocked dangerously. "Gabriel, stop, stop—for my sake! He is my father. Thou wilt not harm him? Remember what he has done for thee and me."

"He has called me *cannaille* and a thief. Why should I stop? If he cannot shoot the rapids let him not follow."

Liza looked at him in sickening horror. Was this fierce, strange creature before her, the soft-voiced Gabriel she had known and loved? "Thou wilt murder him!" she gasped, at last.

"No, I seek only to save myself; but if he follows where the despided

Indian goes, let him first learn his skill."

"Gabriel, turn back. I command thee." She tried to speak imperiously; but there was a piteous break in her voice.

Gabriel looked at her less savagely. He hesitated a moment; but, just then, the sound of a rapidly falling stroke caught his ear, and his face hardened again. His paddle dug deep into the water and the canoe shot forward with increased speed.

"I cannot stop now if I would," he breathed, as the dripping blade gleamed for a moment in the air. "We are already in the current."

Even as he spoke, a peculiar, ominous shudder passed through the frame of the light craft that bore them, straining and racking the sinews until it groaned like a living thing in agony. As the first horrible thrill passed away, it hesitated a moment, shifting uneasily, from side to side; then, as if suddenly clutched by a mighty unseen hand, its prow dipped, and it shot forward into the blue, treacherous current, with a speed that knew no curbing.

Beyond, white, seething, glittering, the frothy waves were dashing against the black rocks, clothing their jagged edges with rainbow-colored spray and filling the caverns between with shifting billows that alternately hid and revealed the dangerous depths. On toward this abyss the skiff flew like a leaf before the wind. Every instant the roar and tumult grew louder and fiercer. Presently, a fleck of foam leaped out from the seething mass and fell upon Liza's cheek; another followed and rested upon her hair. The current upon which they floated became infected by the vast, neighboring commotion, and surged as with a strong tide. Wondrous dancing walls of transparent water began to rise hungrily on each side of them, confusing earth and sky, and threatening, momentarily, to crush them between their converging bulks. But still the



"Its prow dipped, and it shot forward into the blue, treacherous current."

frail bark, evading the lesser dangers, bore down and on to that greater horror whose sinuous fingers were already clustering about it. There was another shuddering pause, scarce longer than a breath,—a hoarse shout of warning from Gabriel, and then, with a shriek and a crash, the canoe struck the swirling rapids, and sense and thought and feeling were lost in the blind, breathless rush that followed.

When, at length, they reached the quiet level of the stream, Gabriel's mood had already undergone a change. His eyes still gleamed, but it was with exultation now. Pride in his powers had banished from his heated brain the realization of what he had done, and he was too excited yet to conceive that disaster to himself must inevitably follow upon his exploit. He looked at Liza triumphantly. His lips curved in a smile, which did not broaden, however, as he surveyed her more closely. The girl's hair was wet with spray, and clung to her colorless face like that of the drowned. The awful intensity of her gaze quelled Gabriel's elation, and he became vaguely uneasy.

"Why dost thou look at me like that?" he said, half irritably. "What I have done, any one would do. He sought my life, and I fled. If I am quicker than he, is it my fault?"

Liza did not speak; she seemed scarcely to live. Stunned, chilled, mute, she sat and stared at him.

Gabriel moved restlessly, and frowned to conceal his increasing self-consciousness. "Thou art like a ghost, and yet thou art not even sure that he followed to the rapid."

"Did he not?—look there." Liza lifted her heavy hand and pointed to a small, dark object that floated in their wake. It was her father's upturned canoe.

Gabriel looked once and then dropped his eyes. He was rapidly losing his feverish excitement, and as his blood cooled he grew anxious and plaintive. The events of this desper-

ate flight had transpired so quickly and bewilderingly that he could not yet hold himself responsible for what had happened. He broke forth, almost childishly: "Liza, dost thou blame me? I was mad. I knew not what I did. Remember my blood—I am not like thee. And, beside, he drove me to it. Liza, speak."

"Put me ashore."

"But not here. Thou art five miles from home."

"I can find shelter. Put me ashore."

He dared not disobey her now. He headed slowly for the shadowy shore, and at length landed in silence. Lights were gleaming faintly here and there, for the dusk was rapidly gathering; and through the sombre twilight floated the distant echo of an evening bell. Gabriel moved close to Liza's side and tried to take her hand, but she drew back shuddering.

"*Rosignol*," he pleaded, without heeding the repulse. "*Rosignol*, it was not I that drowned thy father; there was a demon in me that drove me to it. Remember—he called me thief, and then something went to my brain, and I knew no more what I did."

There was something pitiful in his self-defence. He was plainly aghast at the unguessed possibilities of his own nature.

Liza looked at him in anguish. "Ah, Gabriel, Gabriel!" she moaned, "can it be thou art my father's murderer?"

"I could not help it," Gabriel cried again. It was his only defence.

She drew back and put her hand before her eyes. "Leave me," she whispered. "I cannot look upon thy face again. Leave me."

Gabriel clenched his hands. "Thou art mad. I cannot go now. Hast thou not given me thy promise?"

A wild look came into the girl's face. "My promise—what is that now? All that I had thou hast taken from me. I am no more for the world. Go now and leave me to my destiny."

There was something in her white,

beautiful face that awed Gabriel. He felt the uselessness of further pleading.

"Thou wilt never forgive?" he muttered hoarsely.

"Forgive—yes; but I cannot forget that moment—thy face—I see it now, so fierce and strange. It is not thy fault that thou art of a cruel race; only—I should not have forgotten."

"And is this, then, the end?"

"This is the end. For me there is the convent, as he said. For thee—I know not what."

"Listen, then, and I will tell thee. For me there is the woods. Thou hast

cast me off because of my race. If I am wild, then, I will go to them that are like me. Tell this to *M le Curé*, for he will never see my face again. As for thee —."

"I have said that I forgive thee. I can do no more."

Gabriel stood looking at her wildly for a moment. A hundred impulses seemed burning in him. At last, he snatched her hand and pressed his hot lips upon it; then, as Liza drew back, shuddering as before, he uttered a cry of mingled rage and despair, and, springing up the bank, disappeared into the dusk.



AFTER LONG YEARS.

After long years to see the home
Of youth's and boyhood's pride,
When our days have gone like flecks of foam,
And all is changed beside,

Brings a flood of thought, like a bitter sea,
And the smart of a ceaseless pain;
The joyous past fronts the bleak to be,
And the dead years live again.

At every turn of familiar walks
Rise faces whose lips are still;
Or the friend of our youth beside us stalks,
Though his grave is deep and chill.

Beneath yon tree you kissed the lips
That are dust and ashes now;
Through the long, long years her light foot trips
To the tryst 'neath the maple bough.

Back, back to the world! Let the dead ones rest!
Their memories come too near;
When we walk the paths by our feet impressed
For many a weary year.

TWO DAYS IN WEIMAR.

BY ELLEN SIGRID.

WE had been reading of the second blumenzeit (blossom time), so when we found ourselves with three days free, we decided to go to Weimar.

Weimar is a quaint old town, and, perhaps, in no way can one get a better idea of its quaintness than by walking down from the station, past the Museum, to the Herderplatz, the centre of the town. One sees, thus softened by the distance, the oddest jumble of irregular old house-tops, and backs and angles, and the queerly-clustered tiled roofs, snuggling into each other in such a warm, old-fashioned way—warm when we saw them, for the sun was shining down upon the red tile and the grey patches and the crazy gables; but the warmth was their response to the sun's wooing, and one could fancy their looking cold or menacing or crumbly, with changes of season, but always old.

On our arrival we proceeded at once, with our faithful Baedeker, to the Herderplatz, where the Stadtkirche stands, and, as it was Sunday, we entered. It was Sunday—the Sunday following the Busstag (repentance day), and I presume it was the proper thing to be in a black, funereal state of mind. The Busstag, by the way, is, as its name indicates, a day for repentance. Twice in the year, as Advent and Easter approach, the nation is called upon to grow sorrowful and pray; a thoughtful Government appoints a day for the purpose, and this day is observed, by the law, more rigidly than Sunday. Theatres are closed, the street cars move with a becoming diminution in speed, and only after eleven o'clock, when the churches are supposed to be out, may the bakeries and colonialwaaren (grocery) depôts be opened to the hungry citizens.

It was natural, then, that the service on this Sunday after the Busstag should be cheerless and gloomy. As we were late we went to the gallery, where, however, we could find but standing room, for every part of the church was filled, the Busstag evidently having borne fruit. To harmonize with the season, the pastor elected to preach a sort of half-abstract, half-concrete funeral sermon, taking for his subject the members of his flock deceased during the ecclesiastical year just past. To us, standing in the gallery, the number of the departed parishioners seemed, for so small a town as Weimar, incredible. We thought there surely must have been an epidemic, and wondered how the church could have accommodated the assembled faithful on former Busstagen, and finally, when every one in the church began to weep, the atmosphere became so melancholy that we crept down the stairs and out into the bright sunlight again, to escape the contagion of gloom.

It was not a Busstag for nature, and we determined it should not be one for us. We walked around to the front of the church, and found the fine bronze statue of Herder, erected on the scene of his labors by "admiring Germans from all countries." On the pedestal of this statue is inscribed the poet's famous motto, "Licht, Liebe, Lebe," which is also on the simple slab to his memory in the church.

Before this pilgrimage to Weimar our ideas of Herder had been always rather conflicting. It is hard to reconcile the pitiless, discerning, scornful critic with the faithful pastor; the man whom Goethe is supposed to have had in mind when painting his Mephistopheles, with the man giving out a hun-

dred years ago his soul-cry for "Light, love, and life." In Weimar, however, all the unyielding contradictory elements in his character seemed to soften and interpenetrate each other, until we saw the composite man—the man who has affected German literature so immensely, although, perhaps, less immediately, than through others.

From the statue we wandered around to the back of the church to see the parsonage where the poet lived, and which bears the tablet announcing "Hier lebte, wirkte, und starbte Herder." Then, having penetrated to the court-yard, walked through the kitchen-garden, and taken a look at the hen-house of his present successor, we felt that we had done our duty by Herder.

From the Stadtkirche we went to the Marktplatz, where we found the house in which, nearly four hundred years ago, Lukas Cranach lived, and where he painted those amazing pictures from which we decided Cranach, helped by a powerful and unique imagination, had taken Luther in his extreme old age as model for all his little boys and girls, and angels; and Melancthon as model for his men, women and Saviours.

But I do not mean to scoff. What matter if his elongated Adams and Eves have the most astonishing curves; what matter if his little girls are corpulent and old; what matter if his little boys have heavy heads, thick necks, and double chins; what matter if his angels are such top-heavy, unethereal little monsters, that we must wonder they resist the force of gravitation—what matter? To have painted those two little portraits of Luther and Melancthon, which also hang in the Dresden Gallery; to have painted the head of that dying Saviour in the Museum at Leipzig, was worth having fallen so far short of the ideal in his other pictures. The soul was in the man; he strove to put in his pictures what was struggling darkly in himself, but his striving ended in grop-

ing—his failures are pathetically, grotesquely funny. But God bless the German people that honor him for what he tried to do, although he failed in the doing.

"On earth the broken arcs,
In heaven the perfect round."

Cranach's house, long since converted into a bookseller's shop, still bears the studio device of father and son, a winged serpent with a crown.

From the Marktplatz we went on to the Goetheplatz, to see the house and relics of the greatest German of them all.

Through the will of Goethe's grandson and last descendant, the Goethehaus has been, since 1885, in the possession of the State, and open to the public as a museum. It is a very large house, of the orthodox German dwelling-house style, built partly from Goethe's own plans, but presented to the poet by the then reigning Duke of Weimar, Karl August. Here Goethe lived for the last forty years of his life; here he labored, and here he died; and here a great hero-worshipping nation has established a national shrine, to pass down to unborn generations their national devotion to the poet of the world.

We entered the Goethehaus, bought our tickets and parted with our umbrella, which innocent implement the careful official seemed to fear we might use for destructive purposes when we got above; parterre, there are just the office, the caretaker's rooms, and the spacious passage and stair-case leading to the Goethe dwelling on the first stage. We were allowed to go up unaccompanied, but a man took charge of us and the tickets when we reached the top of the stairs, and this man, as long as we remained in his custody, guarded us as closely as he might State prisoners. He insisted upon keeping us side by side, and a little to the front and right of himself. If one showed an inclination to linger behind for another little look he grew uneasy, and although all

portable objects were in secure cases, if we looked unusually long, or with unusual interest at anything, he grew jealous and fearful.

This stern man first led us through the little Speisezimmer (dining-room) to the Salon, a particularly interesting room. On the walls are the two celebrated portraits of Goethe, by Kraus and Angelica Kaufmann, portraits of his parents and various friends, and of Karl August and the dowager duchess, Anna Amalia, while in cases before the windows are arranged Goethe's own collection of antique gems, and the many little personal relics of the poet collected by the family at his death.

The poet's watch is there and his rings, locks of his hair at different ages, the oldest a little curl that his fond mother had cut off when Wolfgang was yet but a tiny fellow in knickers. Bunches of old pens are there, too—pens which had worn out over Faust and Wilhelm Meister, pens any one of which would sell as a treasure to any devout visitor of the shrine—but the State says these worn-out quills are too valuable to sell. There are prayer-books and other little presents the poet had received at different stages of his youth, bearing inscriptions from his parents or other friends, autograph albums in which he had written verses in his boyish hand, and trinkets he had worn—innumerable.

From the Salon we were conducted to the left to the Juno and Urbino zimmer. One sees the Junozimmer exactly as it was in Goethe's life-time; the same furniture and decorations, and arrangement of details, Steiler's picture of Goethe as an old man, and Bury's portraits of the poet and his wife, Christiane. When we saw Christiane, a pretty little fat thing with curls, so artless and so helpless, and so loving as a child, we thought of Goethe's little verses about her, and could not help feeling rather glad that "he did not pluck the little

flower to wither; but dug it up with all its roots, and took it into the pretty house to bloom." The piano on which the boy Mendelssohn played for the poet stands in the Junozimmer; also many beautiful presents are there displayed, some of them from English friends, and medallions of the poet and his parents, presented by his native city of Frankfort-on-the-Main. Again, in the Urbinozimmer, are many beautiful gifts the poet received, and among the pictures are various sketches by his own hand, light but pretty, for Goethe had more than ordinary skill with his pencil.

Having finished the Urbinozimmer, our guide gathered us up, and led us carefully back to the Salon, from which he set out on a new expedition, through a series of rooms to the right, containing Goethe's art-collections, arranged by himself. Here we spent time looking at the shelves upon shelves of majolica, the rows upon rows of coins, the drawings and busts and autographs which the poet had accumulated.

Next came the bust-room, where we found Lord Byron, a favorite of Goethe, as of most Germans, consorting with Herder and Weiland, and the great German celebrities. In this room, too, were a number of death-masks, among them Schiller's and Lessing's, and that of the poet's grandchild.

Near the bust-room is a little gardenzimmer (garden-room), from which on summer nights Goethe has watched the moon rise, and the soft-heaped clouds drifting through the sky; from there has the voice of his soul gone out in poetry into the world of poetry and space and silence; and the melody, to listening ears, must still be floating on summer nights about the little garden of Weimar. There was not much to see in the Gartenzimmer, that is, there was no majolica, nor were there any statues or medals or gifts, and I am sure that severe man, our guide, thought it just natural perversity that

made us linger so long. Indeed he looked relieved when he had given us a check, and shown us the way down a flight of stairs to another part of the house for which he was not responsible.

We were next received by an unobtrusive official, who allowed us to linger and sentimentalize as long as we pleased, and who gave us interesting bits of information at the right moments. He had care of the *Arbeitszimmer* (work room) and adjoining *Schlafzimmer* (sleeping room) of the poet, which have remained exactly as they stood on the 22nd March, 1832, the day of mourning for the nation. The chairs are drawn to the table where Goethe used to sit dictating to his private secretary, Eckerman; the shelves of reference books around his writing-table remain untouched; a bottle of wine stands on his desk—has been standing there for sixty-two years; a plate of earth which the poet brought in from his last walk in the garden remains on a table near the window, with some scientific apparatus waiting to be experimented upon.

Fancy the vivid reality of to-day united with the hush of centuries, and the feeling is something akin to the feeling suggested by this *Arbeitszimmer* and the *Schlafzimmer* connected with it.

A poor little bed-room, such as an American day-laborer would think cheerless and bare, a common German bed with a gloomy brown quilt, a small stand holding a basin and sponge, a medicine bottle and a coffee set, and the arm chair in which the poet died, are the only furniture. A bit of shabby matting, checked black and green, is before the bed, and pieces of shabby matting are tacked over the draughty walls. There is nothing in the room to suggest that the owner was not utterly destitute, except a bell-rope at the head of the bed; the small room has one small window, and we did not wonder that the dying poet should call out for "More light." These were

his last intelligible words, "More light," and a faithful nation say his soul was impatient for the glory of the other world. It produces an indescribable feeling to look at this little room and think that here one of the greatest men the world has ever known passed away, calling with the last breath for the light after which his Faust-mind had struggled for a life-time.

Great laurel crowns are strewn over his bed and hung upon his chair,—brought in large numbers every anniversary by loving men and women, who have no other way of saying: "He was great."

When we had gazed upon the little room until we felt the impression would hold for years, the patient official sent us upstairs again, this time to the second *étage* which, although the dwelling of the poet's grandson, Walter Von Goethe, is interesting from the many relics of the poet it contains. A good-natured man, so good-natured that one could not help feeling happy to look at him, met us, and took us into his confidence immediately. We had seen the rest of the house,—well, this part was no less interesting. Our new guide was possessed with the idea that we had difficulty in understanding the German language, so took the most evident pains to make his meaning clear to us. He was careful to use easy words and to express himself in short, simple sentences, to speak slowly and distinctly, and to take the main word of the sentence, and repeat it significantly, often explaining it by a synonym to be sure we got the sense, and illuminating his statements by the most vivid pantomime.

His conviction of our weakness in German took hold of ourselves in a short time; we began to think we had difficulty in catching his meaning, and soon, I have no doubt, showed as much pains to understand his explanations as he showed in imparting them.

Thus, our guide would articulate,

pausing between each word, "Dies ist der Stuhl von Goethe's Mutter"—"Goethe's Mutter-Stuhl,"—whereupon, although the use of the object might be guessed, he would go through the motion of seating himself, and we would look at each other and murmur: "Oh, it's a chair, the chair of Goethe's mother." Then we would nod intelligently to our guide to show him we understood, when with evident gratification he would show us some other object of interest. Oh, the pleasure he had in showing us those things; the clock from Goethe's father's house, all the poet's optical instruments, his hammock, the picture of his little favorite Fritz von Stein, his own drawings,—we feel virtuous still that we could have been the occasion of such overflowing happiness.

Finally we came to an object which, after much explanation, verbal and motional on the part of the radiant one, we learned was a spinning-wheel, which had belonged to the poet's mother. In pantomime our guide spun yards of flax, then having wrought us up to fever pitch of interest, he stopped, an unaccountable emotion betraying itself in his hitherto beaming countenance,—a mingling of mystery and tenderness and awful solemnity. Cautiously he closed the door of the room, although we were the only souls on the flat, and his voice sank to a carefully articulated whisper: "Were it found out, I am lost, but I would be unhappy if the ladies left the Goethehaus without a little souvenir—keepsake—awful risk—their sake—secrecy." When our expectation had become almost unbearable, this man out of a nation, after a last look, to be sure no one was behind the keyhole, hastily broke off a bit of thread from the spinning-wheel of Goethe's mother, and handed it to my companion. The latter whispered to me: "That means a tip," as if from the moment our German powers began to weaken she had not known how it must end. On my pantomim-

ing that I should like the souvenir divided, the man went through the same precautions, the same explanations, emphasizing the important words even more forcibly as he broke off a second piece for me. Then he pointed to our pockets, repeated the word "port-monnaie," went through the motion of concealing a treasure in the pocket of a purse, and did not breathe freely until we had secreted the thread in a retired compartment of our pocket-book.

Later on, he bestowed another especial favor on us, at the risk of his position and reputation, in giving us a sheet of paper, with a neat copy of one of Goethe's shorter poems, one which had never been published, albeit I have since found a poem remarkably similar in my Goethe. This, too, he besought us to conceal, which we did with as much pains as if there were any necessity therefor.

At last we came to the room where Walter von Goethe died. We asked in broken, hesitating German if Walter was not married, whereupon the radiant face became dark and misanthropic, as the owner spelled out to us that Walter could not bear women,—hated women—never wanted to see them—quite the opposite of his grandfather; at which his face resumed its customary radiance to harmonize with the sentiment.

We were very sorry when there was nothing more to be seen in the second étage of the Goethehaus; it was hard to go out again into a cold, unsympathetic world, after the tenderness and magnanimity of this man, who had taken us to his heart so unreservedly, and borne with our linguistic infirmities as few would have done, who had risked everything that was dear to him, just that we might carry away a little souvenir of our visit. We sought for a fifty pfennig piece and tearfully pressed it into his hand; the parting, too, was not without emotion on his side, although, considering the fancy he had taken for

us, he bore up very well indeed. With a last exhortation not to let the other officials see our keepsakes, he watched us smilingly until, following a bend in the staircase, we passed beyond the apartments illumined by his radiance.

After dinner in a neighboring restaurant, we set out with pristine zeal to the Schillerhaus, where, in answer to our ring, the hausmann appeared, and at once conducted us up two flights of dingy stairs to the humble rooms occupied by Schiller during the time he lived in Weimar. First is the entry room, which is now also office. Here we paid our fees, and having looked at the few souvenirs in the room, passed into the Salon, a luxury which lay beyond Schiller's means until the kind Grossherzogin (Grand-duchess) Luise furnished this room for the purpose. A simple room it is, but a hundred years ago it may have been considered elegant—palatial, indeed, it is still, compared with the two remaining rooms on that étage, the poet's *Arbeitszimmer* (work-room) and *Schlafstube*,—the family lived on the étage below.

And here lived Schiller, here in these poor rooms, where even the rats might find it cheerless, did his noble spirit rise above the hard reality and picture the ideal. Never, surely, was genius so handicapped as Schiller's—ill-health, poverty, poorly paid work, inability to carry out his cherished plans or give himself the simplest pleasures; every sort of denial, every sort of restriction came to break his spirit; but

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

When but a boy in school, misunderstood, and hemmed in by all cramping influences, he uttered his impetuous cry for freedom in the boyish "*Sturm und Drang*" (Storm and Impulse) tragedy, "*Die Rauber*."

Ten years it took to pay back the money borrowed to get this first play published, but he paid it back and

wrote other dramas. His life through he dreamed of visiting the sea, but, too poor for this, he had to content himself with Goethe's description of it; yet it doesn't cost marks and thalers for the spirit to travel, so while often the poor tired body was resting in his little *Lehnstuhl* (armstool) of the attic, Schiller was by the sea in spirit, and he has given us in his poem "*Der Lancher*" a picture of the ocean, which for vividness must stand unrivalled. A lover of the great and beautiful in nature, he yearned for Switzerland—the mountains. Such a journey was, however, again beyond his means, and again only through Goethe's description must he see them,—but he wrote *Wilhelm Tell*, thus giving to the world some of the truest and finest pictures of mountain scenery and Swiss life that have ever been written. He spent one summer in the village of Gohlis,—the room is still shown where he lived, in want,—but in this cramped and desolate little chamber he wrote his "*Ode to Joy*." At last, when the poverty against which he had struggled from his youth up was giving way, when the world was coming to his feet, when he stood in the happiest and most fruitful intercourse with his great contemporary, Goethe, when in fact, all restrictive circumstances seemed to be passing away and making place for the most favorable ones, when his soul was busy planning a tragedy which would be the greatest and worthiest of his works, death came. It robbed the world of a pure and lofty poet, but it gave the freedom to his indomitable spirit which this life never would have afforded.

In the sleeping-room is now but a table, placed there to make room for the bed, which towards the end was moved into the study to give more space and light to the dying poet. Since his death these rooms have remained unaltered. The last pen he used, and a lock of his hair, whitened with years, have been laid upon the

desk, and here we sat, with softened feelings, to inscribe our names in the Schiller register.

There is something very touching about these rooms in the Schillerhaus,—their extreme poverty, the low ceilings, the bare floors, the shabbily-papered walls, the racked little spinnet and guitar of the poet, with the scant furniture; then the poor bed heaped up with laurel wreaths, and over it the picture of the man, who, in the very moment when life was beginning to be worth living, had to give up all. But even by death his lofty spirit was not conquered; it still lives with his pure life, and will live, to stir the hearts and fire the genius of thousands yet unborn.

The old man who has charge of the house took evident pride in showing us the relics of the poet, and evident pleasure in our appreciation; he broke a leaf off a laurel crown on the bed for each of us, that we might carry away a small souvenir of our visit. Poor old man, *he* was not looking for a tip; he was simply moved by his real devotion to the poet's memory, and the sentiment aroused in us by the room. Perhaps another little ground for tenderness for the dead Schiller, was the knowledge that the same disease which cut the gifted poet's life off at the point of his power and prospects, must in a short time take him too away, to make place for a younger, perhaps, but not more loving caretaker of the Schillerhaus.

The consumption, however, in Schiller's case, was not so much a wasting disease of the lungs or any special organ, as a consumption of his vital powers. Over-work,—terrific over-work amidst the most disheartening and wearing conditions,—strain on body and mind,—a fierce and ceaseless strain,—had eaten away his vigor and his youth, so that at the last, a slight cold, which a vigorous man would have shaken off, ended the cruel consumption which had been preying upon him from his boyhood.

Finding ourselves in the street again, and with no particular plan, we agreed to follow the crowd which seemed to be moving with not aimless solemnity along Amalienstrasse; accordingly we fell into line, and walked on with the Weimarites, farther and farther out, our curiosity growing with the procession and with the numbers whom soon we began to meet on their return way. Where were we going? Had we reflected that it was the Sunday after the Busstag, had we recalled the obituary sermon of the morning, had we taken intelligent notice of the great wreaths and bouquets so many were carrying, we must have known that we were going to the Friedhof. In truth, the cemetery proved the end of our walk.

It would seem that German cemeteries are carefully kept and the graves decorated at all seasons, but this day the attentions were special. The unbeautiful board coverings which these careful people construct around the graves at the approach of winter, to save the stones from the wear and tear of the elements, had been removed; the mounds looked to us strangely fresh and green; the stones, placed as a rule upon the top, were more graceful to the eye than the tall headstones or pompous monuments so usual in America; then the beautiful flowers, natural and artificial, and the great green wreaths arranged around the graves, the profusion of little trees and drooping bushes, and the especially pretty situation and lay-out of this Weimar Friedhof, made it a pleasant place to roam through this late November afternoon. We wandered about through the various divisions of the cemetery, the sections separated from each other by strange old walls, half overgrown with ivy and covered with inscriptions to the Familie Gellert, the Familie Liefenbach, or other well-established families; visited the little Greek Mortuary Chapel to the Russian Grand Duchess, Maria Paulowna, and the grand ducal vault, where, with the Weimar ducal

dead, in laurel-entwined coffins of oak repose the remains of Goethe and Schiller; and finally joined the crowd back to the town, and on to the Stadtkirche once more.

This time the sermon was on Death, Judgment, and the Hereafter—a long sermon, of a so decidedly old Testament spirit that at its conclusion we were glad to betake ourselves for the night to a stadt gasthaus near by, in whose friendly shelter we might forget the awful reckoning that awaited us.

A second day in Weimar gave us opportunity to go through the Museum, which is certainly good for such a small city; to visit the Grand Ducal Library, interesting from the memorials it shows of the members of the great literary circle and their works, apart from the fine collection of volumes it contains; and to be shown through the Palace, an ordinary place enough as houses go.

We also walked out beside the Ilm, through the Ducal park, to Goethe's gartenhaus, a beautiful walk through the most charming part of Weimar. The Ilm—one could almost hop across it—is a clear and chirpy little stream that runs along fearlessly, winding about as it pleases, making little waterfalls whenever inequalities in the land permit, and tumbling over every great stone it can find. It may not be a big and mighty river, but it is a first-class midget.

We ran along as merrily as itself. God's sunshine was over everything, and the poetry of life was in the air. We could induce ourselves to leave this fairy place only by promising to come back in summer, and just roam about all day under the blue sky and among the tall trees, and listen to the chattering of the Ilm.

A fine equestrian statue of Karl August stands near the entrance to the park, but the monument of the town is the Goethe-Schiller Denkmal, in front of the theatre. This beautiful group was designed by Rietschel,

and erected in 1854, to the memory of the "Poet pair." They are standing as in life, holding between them a laurel-crown, the elder poet looking straight into the world and the mysteries of life; the younger, with gaze directed upward, where his eagle spirit saw the sun behind the tower. A hand-clasp of hearty sympathy unites them, and symbolizes the purest and most beautiful friendship, perhaps, the literary world has ever known. Both so great, yet so essentially different, only in the striving after the true and the beautiful did they stand on common ground, and in the interest, the sympathy, the joy in success, the frankness yet leniency in criticism, the admiration of each for the genius of the other, the friendly rivalry that, from 1794, until Schiller's death, stimulated both.

To this friendship, never marred by a shadow of the smallness which we so often, alas! see in the attitude of the gifted towards each other, did each poet owe with cheerful acknowledgment many of the best impulses and much of his best work, and in this friendship, which united them so nobly in life, will the world always think of Goethe and Schiller, and see them at their best.

There is a fine Denkmal to Weiland near the Frauenthor, the road leading out to the cemetery; the poet's house, bearing the simple inscription, "Hier wohnte Weiland," stands, however, near the Theater-platz. Weiland is not read so universally as Goethe and Schiller; his poems have not in the same way sunk into the hearts of the people; they do not touch every chord of the human lyre, as Faust and William Tell, but his "Oberon" has taken its place among the classics, and promises to fulfil the prophecy of Goethe, who on reading it wrote to Lavater: "As long as poesy remains poesy, crystal crystal, and gold gold, so long will Oberon be loved and honored as a master work of art."

It was late in the afternoon of this

second day when we reached the house of Pauline Apul, and begged this elderly Fraulein to take us to the Liszt-haus, for in Weimar for many years lived also Liszt, and there he also composed masterpieces in another language, but which speak to the soul no less directly.

Fraulein Apul's eyes lit up at our request, and fetching her keys at once, she conducted us to the musician's house in the Marien-strasse. For thirty years she served in the Wittgenstein family and in Liszt's house, and now her joy in life is the memory of this service, with the occasional pleasure of showing visitors through the Liszt Museum, and telling them of the master who, with his genius, was so good, so amiable, so generous, that every one must love him.

We had seen pictures of Liszt's salon before, and felt on entering his room that we were coming where we had already been. A pretty room furnished for him by the Grossherzogin (grand duchess), gray and gold walls, striped red portieres, dark red furniture, carpeted floor,—a harmonious double room, Salon and Arbeitszimmer, as it was during the musician's life,—his piano beside one of the windows, and his Schreibtisch (writing-desk) in another part of the room, with its appurtenances in bronze, and with, among other papers, the sheet on which Liszt wrote his last notes.

Our conductress opened the piano, and told us kindly we might play, but we dared not take the liberty; we felt that we had scarcely the right to touch softly the keys of the Master's piano, the piano that was to him "what the boat is to the sailor, what the horse is to the Arab, more still, that was indeed himself, his language, his life." It was privilege enough to see it, and to fancy the Master playing.

Leading out of the Arbeitszimmer, is the Schlafzimmer, a simple room, but not showing the poverty of Schiller's nor the bareness of Goethe's. On the wall beside the bed, where his eye

would fall on awaking, is a little picture of the Crucifixion, and at the head of the bed a little print of St John.

Liszt did not die in this room; he had gone to be present at a family celebration and to attend the musical festival at Beyreuth, and after a short illness there, died at the home of his daughter, the widow of his well-beloved friend, Richard Wagner.

Here we have a beautiful parallel of of the Goethe-Schiller friendship in the musical world, Liszt and Wagner. Again two men, so great yet so different, united by their common desire to realize "the harmony of eternity," the striving to put the ideal into tones, united by their admiration of each other and by Liszt's motto: "Genie oblige."

The rare sympathy between the two musicians is illustrated by the following remark of Wagner: "I saw Liszt conduct a rehearsal of my Tannhauser and was amazed through his rendering to recognize in him my second self. What I felt when I conceived this music, he felt when he directed it; what I wished to say when I wrote it down, he said in the interpretation." The proud, intense, reserved Wagner writes to Liszt: "Your friendship is the most important feature in my life. Inspiration the whole musical world cannot give me; you alone can give it me. You alone, through your sympathy, can supply all that is denied me through nature or defective training. When composing, I think always of you, and how this touch or that will please you. It seems to me, as if in us, two men meet who set out from opposite points to reach the heart of Art, and there, in the joy of their attainment, greet each other as brothers. If we did not love each other, we must have hated."

Again Wagner says of Liszt: "He is the one who gave me faith in my cause when no one knew me; without him, perhaps, the world would not know a single note of mine. He is my

dear friend, Franz Liszt." And Liszt in the supplement to his will, repeats what he was never weary of acknowledging, his gratitude to the prophet of the Music of the Future: "He has been a light to me; I have followed it,—and my friendship for Wagner has retained always the character of a noble passion. At one time, I dreamed of a new art period for Weimar, similar to that of Karl August, in which Wagner and I might be the Coryphæes as in the earlier period Goethe and Schiller,—but unfavorable circumstances have shattered this dream."

Their cheerful and loving acknowledgment of their mutual indebtedness, we read not only in the many creations dedicated by each to the other, but more clearly in their correspondence, now open to the world,—a touching monument to the friendship between these two great souls.

It seems fitting then after this long devotion that Liszt's last appearance in public was at the Wagner festival, that the last music he heard was "Tristram" and "Isolde, der Tod des geliebten."

Connected with Liszt's bed-room and also with the Salon is the dining-room, now converted into a Museum. Here are arranged the presents and marks of distinction received by the musician, as well as a wide and interesting collection of musical manuscripts and correspondence. Souvenir presents from every land he visited are there,—a bust of Queen Victoria, presented by Her Majesty the last time Liszt played for her; a coffee-set from the Sultan of Turkey; rich gifts from Arabia and France; scores of walking-sticks,—Liszt never carried one,—pipes and snuff-boxes uncountable, although he neither snuffed nor smoked; stars, medals, crowns, decorations of every sort. Letters are shown from all the distinguished persons of the time; but the twilight was too far advanced for us to look at these, and, too, we were impatient to get back to the Salon and Arbeitszimmer, where the

associations are so much more real and moving.

There in the twilight it was not hard to fancy Liszt, as he himself represents the artist, "standing alone,—withdrawn into himself as in a sanctuary, where he contemplates and reverses the ideal which his life strives to realize. Here appear to him God-like, unreachable forms, colors such as his eye has never seen in the most beautiful flower in spring. Here he hears the harmony of eternity, whose cadence rules the world, and in which all voices in creation unite in wondrous celestial concert. Then a mad fever seizes him; his blood surges, and through his brain whirl a thousand consuming thoughts, from which the sacred labor of Art only can release him. He feels himself the prey of nameless evils. An unknown power forces him to give expression in words, colors, or tones to the ideal that lives in him and fills him with a thirst of desire, with a hunger for possession such as no man has felt for any object of a real passion. But his completed work, even when the whole world applauds, only half satisfies him. Unsatisfied, he would, perhaps, efface it, if a new apparition did not draw his attention away from what he has already created, to cast him again into those painfully sweet ecstasies which render his life a constant striving after an unattainable end, a continuous straining of all the spiritual faculties to rise to the realization of what he has conceived in those best hours when the eternal beauty reveals itself naked to his soul."

That evening the Opera of Wilhelm Tell was given in the Stadt-theater, so we went to see the freedom of Switzerland won on the German stage, by a robust German of powerful voice. Considering the size of the town, we were amazed at the way this opera was put on and executed—little inferior to the representations in the large cities. This formed a harmonious close to our day, and we had at the théâtre

the additional pleasure of learning from a friendly Weimarite, who sat next to us that the Schiller-Goethe Denkmal we admired so much before the theatre was completed mainly through the noble generosity of their later brother, Listz, "the poet of tones."

Next morning, having packed away the little souvenirs we had acquired, we descended sadly to breakfast and the usual Mahlzeit greetings. The housekeeper who met us in the hall wished us "Mahlzeit;" the waiter who showed us our seat murmured "Mahlzeit;" a man who was leaving the table as we entered, bowed deferentially "Mahlzeit;" the Oberkellner came and while brushing away some imaginary crumbs whispered "Mahlzeit;" a stout woman at the end of the table looked us over carefully, ending the scrutiny with "Mahlzeit;" two men, a few places off, stayed their knives on the perilous journey to their mouths in order to say "Mahlzeit;"

our waiter brought us in our breakfast and repeated "Mahlzeit;" the proprietor, after we had begun to eat, walked over pompously and bade us "Mahlzeit, meiner Damen;" and an English girl who sat across from us finally upset our gravity by remarking with a smile "Mahlzeit."*

Despite the frequent Mahlzeit interruptions of our breakfast, and our own half-wilful dallying, we had the grief of being in time for our train, and soon, with unkind rapidity, were rushed away from the old-fashioned little town, with its irregular old buildings of the weather-worn red roofs, with its chattering little Ilm, its own especial blue sky, its national shrines of genius, its Denkmaler, its souvenirs, and its sacred associations, among which we had spent two of the richest days of this our mundane life.

* "Mahlzeit" is equivalent to our "Good-morning," "How-do-you-do;" it is simply an expression used among acquaintances, wherewith to greet one another.

THE MICROBE.

Oh leave me, Science, let me sleep
And turn my face unto the wall;
I've nothing now to guard or keep,
You've left me bankrupt, taken all.
My breakfast waits, I dare not look;
You've spread o'er all your spawn and fry
I can't dislodge by hook or crook,—
There's nothing left me but to die.

I look and long for vanished faith;
It won't return—you stand between,
And cover with your seum and skaith,
My beef and bacon, dry and green.
You're omnipresent, that's enough—
Have lien and mortgage, interest high,
On puffy paste, and pastry puff,
On lemon tart, and pumpkin pie.

Your microbe meets me everywhere ;
No chink nor crevice, brain nor bone,
But he has seized, and revels there,—
A king of undisputed throne.
Around my porridge bowl he skips ;
My ham is honey-combed all through ;
He whets his fangs and smacks his lips
When smelling at my Irish stew.

I find him roosting in my hair,
For he's domestic in his ways,
And struts about the places bare,
When he is out for holidays.
I find him in my French menu
And in my good Limburger cheese,
In slippery bouillon, strong ragout
Enough to make a Zulu sneeze.

I know without a shadow now
That ignorance is bliss, and doubt
That casts suspicion on your cow
And plants grey fungus in your throat
Is no improvement—not a speck,
Though native hair be changed for silk,
And tail be lost, you hang by neck,
And sup bacilli in your milk.

But let it pass—this common phase
I leave for worldly souls to cull,
And turn me to the higher ways
Of psychic something, slow and dull !
Then let the microbe swim and sail,
And find his epicurean feast,
And swing his partner, whisk his tail,
In glue-pot slime or brewer's yeast.

I heed not thee ; some nobler things
Than steak or trout or sausage balls
Cool Science to the devil flings,
And leaves us but the empty stalls
Where Peace and Pity sold their doves
And white-robed Innocence lies slain,
Where friendship's tears, nor boyhood loves,
Shall ever make us fools again !

As when we trusted woman's heart,
Despite her tongue, despite her will,

And temper too, for these apart,
 We still were prone to trust her still,
 When gathered in her throat a lump,
 And we stood round in dumb surprise,—
 Oh, was it but an engine pump,
 That burst the floodgates of her eyes?

When we were deaf as adders old,
 And could not hear an angel call,
 She heard mid want and toil and cold,
 Her baby sobbing through a wall.
 When we passed on the other side,
 And found for sympathy no place,
 She stopped to succor, shield or hide
 Some erring sinner of the race.

We therefore thought that love was true,
 And warmer than a pulseless stiff,
 But what is left us by the view
 Of microbe gnawing at midriff?
 We knew, indeed, it had degrees
 Of phases strange or false to show,
 But that t'was microbe! — Love Disease?
 The thing we worshipped long ago.

We thought, Ah well! what matter how
 We thought or felt, in part or whole,
 Since Wright or Wrong or Conscience now,
 Is but some microbe in the soul! —
 We thought that strain from viol or lute,
 Were spirit notes of higher things.
 Alas! t'was but some gay galoot,
 That kicked and hopped among the strings.

We thought a spirit dwelt in song,
 And joy behind a maiden's laugh,—
 That God mayhap touched poet's tongue,
 More than the soulless phonograph.
 Oh leave me, Science! let me sleep
 And turn my face unto the wall,
 I've nothing now to guard or keep; —
 You've left me bankrupt, taken all!

D. McCaig.

BY THE JUDGMENT OF GOD.

A Tale of Ontario.

BY R. F. DIXON.

FOR the southern portion of the Province of Ontario, the night of December 29th, 188—, was exceptionally cold and tempestuous. As a rule, the winters in the region which borders upon Lake Erie are decidedly shorter and less rigorous than those in the northern part of the Province, where I was born and brought up, and its snow-fall counts its inches to the other's feet. But this night, the worst I ever remembered before or since in my five years' residence in the village of Archangel, would have compared favorably (or unfavorably), with the wildest night I ever faced on the shores of the tempest-swept Georgian Bay. And it was one of those rare nights when a heavy snow-fall is combined with intense frost and a raging nor'-wester.

Naturally enough, therefore, my heart sank within me when, just as I was finishing my last pipe before turning in I heard the unmistakable jingle of sleigh-bells on the street, the stamping, a minute later, of feet on the sidewalk, and then a hurried knock at the office door. There was no mistaking the knock. My practised ear told me that I was in for an urgent call, involving probably a long drive on that awful night. Somebody, like the boy in Dotheboys' Hall, had gone and got sick out of spite. I almost groaned as I rose and opened the door, and I must confess I felt, if I didn't mentally mutter, what Sir Walter Scott and the old novelists used politely to call, an "objurgation."

I opened the door, and restraining a sudden insane impulse of slamming it in the visitor's face, and bidding him go to that place which Milton so

magnificently and minutely describes in *Paradise Lost*, I bade him enter, in unprofessionally surly tones.

My visitor hurriedly obeyed, and after giving a safe vent to my feelings by violently slamming the door upon the howling tempest without, I accompanied him into the inner office, and asked him to be seated, reseating myself at the same time.

I silently watched him as he slowly opened his cow-skin overcoat, took off his fur cap and shook the half-melted snow out of it, and then began to disentangle his beard and moustache of the frozen snow and icicles with which they were thickly matted. He was a tall, dark man, apparently between forty and fifty, and, as I perceived in the imperfect light, the moment he unmasked himself, a total stranger. I suffered him to rid himself of what I forebodingly saw were the unmistakable accumulations of a long drive, and then, desirous of knowing the worst, asked him his business.

He did not answer me until he had seated himself and spread a pair of talon-shaped hands over the stove. Then, without raising his eyes, he replied with startling leisureliness, as if imparting his opinion of the weather:

"I want you to come out and see my wife. I doubt she's poisoned herself."

I suppose it was on account of the unseasonable call and the dreary prospect it opened out, but the moment the man spoke I experienced a feeling of aversion toward him, as sudden and mysterious as a midnight presentiment. Nevertheless, my pro-

fessional instincts caused me to jump up and commence collecting the drugs necessary for such a case.

"Poisoned herself?" I said, as I rose. "By accident?"

"Well, that's just it, Doctor," replied my visitor, in slow, easy tones, as if balancing the pros and cons for late or early spring, "I can't tell you. I've got my suspicions. But all I know is that while I was doing the chores this evening, the hired girl came running out to the barn and told me the wife had taken a dose of Rough on Rats in mistake for Burdock Blood Bitters. I ran in and found her in convulsions, so came right away."

As he finished speaking, I turned round, and, as he looked up at me for the first time, the light fell full on his face.

There are three kinds of faces. The first, and rarest, irresistibly attracts; the second, and commoner, irresistibly repels, and the commonest of all does neither. His was of the second class. A more repulsive face I have never before or since seen. It was an equal compound of the wolf and the fox, a well-balanced mixture of violence and cunning. It was the face of a man who would, on a fixed principle, first try trickery, and who, failing trickery, would try force, and who, failing force, would fall back upon trickery as naturally as the baffled alligator seeks the water.

He had a thin, hatchet-shaped face, with scrubby, iron-grey whiskers, a pair of weasely eyes, that had an intently listening expression. But his voice, like Rashleigh Osbaldistone's, was as soft and melodious as the *vox humana* stop of a pipe organ.

I suppose some of the instinctive distrust and dislike that had suddenly surged up within me must have shown itself upon my beardless face, for the man let his eyes fall and shifted uneasily in his seat. "What is your name?" I asked, resuming my work with the drugs.

"Israel Stillgrove.—I live on the third of Fox, second farm from the town line, between the English church and the school-house. The school-house is on my place. You know the Stillgrove school-house,"—he replied in his insinuating, melodious voice, that had I not seen his face would have crept into my confidence.

I knew the house only too well. It was at least nine miles distant, and could only be expeditiously reached by a very hilly road, traversed in no less than three places by a winding river, spanned in one place by a bridge that I understood was shortly to be condemned by the county engineer.

"What are your reasons for supposing that your wife poisoned herself?" I asked, still continuing my preparations, with my back to Stillgrove.

"Well, her father poisoned himself, and she has a sister in the lunatic asylum. I'm thankful we never had any children. I doubt it's in the family."

His story came, to use the old Scotch expression, as easily and readily as "twice howked earth." But there were two suspicious statements in it. First, as to the apparently swift action of the poison; second, his coming for me on that terrible night, when, as I knew full well, there were at least three medical men considerably nearer, all older and better known practitioners than myself. Then his perfect coolness and deliberateness very unfavorably impressed me. I began to experience a positive repulsion to the man.

"Didn't you try to do anything for her?" I asked, as, having got the necessary drugs collected, I began equipping myself for my long, cold drive.

"Yes, we tried to get some salt water down her throat, but she was too far gone. Her teeth were clenched like a steel trap. I doubt if she'll be alive by we get there."

"You take it pretty coolly I must say," I said, unable to restrain my dis-

gust at his apparent utter heartlessness. He might have been speaking of the prospective death of a steer, for any particle of feeling he exhibited.

"I'm not one of the excitable kind that makes a big fuss about what can't be helped, and I'm sort of stunned with the thing, anyway," he replied, rather sullenly. "And anyway, if I hadn't wanted to do everything I could for the poor woman I wouldn't have come away out here on a night like this."

I felt I had spoken unwarrantably. A doctor, like a constable, should, in his professional capacity, be superior to any prejudices, and should deal with people as with machines. I felt rather ashamed of myself. Such cases were happening every day.

"Well, well, I shouldn't have said that," I replied, "but if you've got thawed out, you better start for home. It'll take me fifteen minutes to get hitched up. If she's living, try and get this powder down her throat."

I waited until he had reinvested himself with his fur coat and cap, and then accompanied him to the door. A blinding cloud of dry snow, that stung like sand, greeted us at the threshold, on which a drift of nearly a foot had accumulated since the last opening of the door. Scarcely a light shone in the village street, up which the wind raced and howled as if all the aerial powers of darkness were holding high holiday. Hardened, as I professionally was, to death under all its phases, I could not help thinking, with a shudder, that, in the words of one of Sir Walter Scott's characters, "it was an awful night for a soul to leave this world."

Stillgrove, with his constitutional deliberateness, untied his team, which were cowering with their backs to the storm, and climbed into the sleigh, and after going very leisurely through the necessary evolutions, got turned round and fairly started on his homeward drive.

In about fifteen minutes I had got

my own team harnessed and hitched up and was plunging down the deserted street in the teeth of the stinging, biting, blinding blast.

Slowly and painfully, with smarting face and aching eyes, I fought my way through the storm. With the exception of about the last two miles, the road ran almost due north, and was therefore exposed to the oblique action of the wind, and so was more or less badly drifted. Being an old-settled and well cleared country, it was only occasionally that a patch of bush broke the force of the tempest and afforded a brief respite from the drifts and razor-edged hurricane. But my team were staunch and true, and I was young and warm-blooded, and it was only at the expense of one upset and a pair of ominously tingling ears that I reached the last bridge and knew that my difficulties, for at least the time being, were virtually over. A quarter of a mile's drive along a sheltering belt of woods would bring me to the town-line, which I well knew, from the course of the wind, would be perfectly clear of drifts; and the Stillgrove farm was scarcely a furlong from the town-line.

I drove down the short, sharp hill and across the narrow level flat that bordered the river, and found myself on the approach to the bridge. It was one of the largest and oldest bridges in the county, and formed one of the principal outlets to an Indian reserve, the corner of which at this point terminated at the river. Owing to the cost of its rebuilding, and a consequent dispute between the county and the Indian Department at Ottawa as to the proportion of the expenditure, it had been allowed to fall into a disgraceful state of dilapidation. So manifestly unsafe had it, during the past few months, become, that the county had determined to bring matters to a head by closing it altogether, and so forcing the hand of the Department. This I had heard casually a few days before. The or-

der had not, however, been yet formally given, and so the bridge was still open for travel. The floor and supports of the bridge itself were not considered to be pre-eminently unsafe, but the approaches were rickety to a degree that was unmistakable even to foot passengers, and in the middle of the bridge and at the very highest point above the water two immense gaps in the balustrade yawned at nearly opposite places.

It was with a sensation of relief, therefore, that I found myself across the far approach, which was considerably the worse of the two, and ascending the hill that gently sloped toward the town line.

I had gained the town line, which, as I anticipated, was clear of drifts, when I heard the sound of sleigh bells behind me. I pulled up for a minute, and a farmer's sleigh, drawn by a team, came jangling up behind me.

"Is that you, Doctor," came in a voice which I recognized immediately as that of Stillgrove.

I am not a constitutionally nervous or morbidly imaginative man, but the moment I recognized the man's unmistakably soft, dulcet voice—so uncommon, by the way, in a Canadian,—I almost leaped to my feet. It thrilled me through and through, like a voice from the tomb.

"Why, Mr. Stillgrove," I shouted back, mastering myself by a sudden effort, "what on earth are you doing here? I thought you were at home fifteen minutes ago."

"I broke one of my tugs between the sixth and seventh, and had to drive into McNab's place to get help."

This was likely enough, and yet I felt in my very bones that he was lying. He had deliberately driven down one of the concession roads and allowed me to pass, for some sinister reasons of his own.

"Well, you better pass me here," I replied, "I can turn out. One minute in a case like this may be worth a lifetime."

"No, I'll follow on behind. I'd only delay you if I went on. Anyway, I ain't any good in such cases," he replied.

I put the whip to my team and started off again at a spanking pace, followed a few rods behind by Stillgrove. After a silent drive of about fifteen minutes we reached the farm, and drove down the lane to the house. It was a small frame building, plainly erected to serve as kitchen to some future and larger edifice. Leaving my team to Stillgrove, who very effusively volunteered his services, I jumped out of my cutter, and advancing to the back part of the house, where a light was burning, I knocked at the door. It was immediately opened by a woman holding a coal oil lamp.

She was a handsome, hard-faced young woman, under thirty, with a pair of defiant black eyes and an excellent complexion, and reminded me instantly of the typical English bar maid.

"O! you're the doctor," she said, after she had darted a penetrating glance out of her undeniably fine eyes; and turning to light me into the kitchen: "Won't you sit down and warm yourself?"

"Well, how is Mrs. Stillgrove?" I asked, disencumbering myself of my buffalo coat and throwing it over the back of a chair and remaining standing. "Is she still alive?"

"Yes, but she's very weak."

"Got her senses?" I asked.

"Yes, I guess so," she replied, with a certain undertone of hard indifference that well accorded with her hard-featured face. "She seemed to know me last time I was in the room."

"I'll go and see her right away," I said, disgusted with the brutal callousness that seemed to characterize both husband and servant.

"Won't you wait for Mr. Stillgrove? He'll be here in a minute," asked the girl.

My distrust and incipient suspicion

only receiving stronger confirmation from this proposal, I answered with curt decisiveness: "No, I'll go now."

She was still holding the lamp, and I saw her dart a rebellious look at me and make as if to speak. But undoubtedly noticing my determined tone and expression she thought better of it and turned and led the way into the sick room.

The front of the little house was traversed by a narrow passage out of which opened four doors. In the furthest room, one of those horrid stuffy little dog-holes so common in Canadian farm-houses, I found the sick woman.

She was lying with her face to the wall, but turned slowly as we entered. She was apparently a woman about the age of her husband, and had decidedly good features. But the tragedy of a life-time was written across her face. Hard work and myriad mordent cares and unhygienic diet and surroundings, play sad havoc with the good looks of our Canadian farmers' wives. But there was something infinitely different to mere overwork and an excess of life's healthy care in that face. It was not so much a care-worn as a terror-worn face—the face of one on whom had fallen some blighting life-horrors, who had lived long days and perchance years in the presence of some mind and soul-entrancing peril—the face, in a word, of a haunted woman.

"This is the doctor, Mrs. Stillgrove," said the girl, advancing, lamp in hand, to the bedside.

The sick woman gazed at her for a moment with lack-lustre eyes. Then that sudden and mysterious transformation of returning intelligence one often observes in such cases swept over her face; her horror-enthralled soul woke up within and looked out of her eyes. She made a feeble deprecatory movement of the hand, and uttering some inarticulate sound, turned her face again to the wall. "I guess she's gone off her head

again," half whispered the girl, with a voice that unmistakably trembled.

I put the girl aside without ceremony, and advancing to the bed, bent over the unfortunate woman.

"It's Dr. Horncastle from Archangel. I've come out to see you, and I've good hopes of pulling you through."

I spoke gently and cheerily, and not, I knew, without good foundation. The woman had plainly taken an overdose of poison, but it was not at all unlikely could be saved. She appeared, moreover, a person of excellent physique, and her face indicated unmistakably, if undefinably, that tenacity of life known as vitality.

At the sound of my voice, with its unfamiliar kindness of tone, she turned feebly again and looked at me, and I noticed her gaze for a moment wander towards the hired girl, who was standing a little behind and to one side of me, still holding the lamp.

"I'll call for you if I want anything," I said, turning to her, and speaking in unmistakably plain tones.

The girl put the lamp down on a small table behind her, and then sat down on a chair near the door, with such a dogged look on her face, and such a defiant flash of her eyes, that I knew she could not be got rid of without some kind of scene. This being most undesirable in the weak condition of my patient, I restrained the peremptory command that at first rose to my lips, and turned again to the bed.

I put the usual enquiries to my patient, and found from her description of the symptoms, given in a feeble, broken voice, that, as I had at first surmised, she had taken an overdose of poison. Just as I had concluded and was considering the best course of treatment, I heard the back door open and close, and in another moment Stillgrove entered the room.

At the same moment the hired girl retired to the kitchen.

As he entered, I noticed a convulsive shudder pass over Mrs. Stillgrove. And again she turned her face to the wall.

Choking down an almost uncontrollable impulse to seize the brute by the throat and shake the life out of him, I said in tones of assumed cheerfulness:

"Your wife is much better than I expected to find her. She has taken an overdose of poison, but I think we'll have no difficulty in pulling her through."

A black scowl and a mechanical smile contended for a moment for the mastery on his ill-favored face. After a short, sharp tussle the smile conquered, and he said in his beautiful melodious voice, which "on the boards" would have made his fortune: "Well, that's good news. It's taken a big load off my mind."

I saw, from the motion of the bed-clothes, that at the sound of his voice another shudder of repulsion had agitated his wife. Rather alarmed as to the possible evil consequences of this sudden shock, I said:

"Turn over, Mrs. Stillgrove; I want to listen to your heart."

She obeyed me with an alacrity that rather surprised me, and bending over I placed my ear to her breast.

I had scarcely got my ear into position when I heard her distinctly whisper:

"I want to speak to you alone. I am watched."

I concluded my examination and then, resuming the perpendicular, turned to Stillgrove, who was sitting, half leaning forward, but, as I instinctively felt, watching me with the closeness of a crouching tiger, I said: "Mr. Stillgrove, will you please get me my medicine case. I left it in the kitchen."

He rose almost with a jump, and hastened out of the room.

As he turned, I saw Mrs. Stillgrove

quickly slip her arm under her pillow, fumble for a moment and withdraw it. Then she slipped an envelope into my hand, just as the hired girl came into the room. I stole my hand as deftly as I could into my breast pocket, and there deposited the letter, morally sure, however, that I had been detected by the lynx-eyed servant girl. In another minute Stillgrove re-entered with the case.

For the sake of appearances, and to give myself time to think, I opened the case and began selecting some drugs. Then a pain flashed across my mind.

"I find I have left my stethoscope in the cutter, Mr. Stillgrove, and I cannot prescribe for your wife without a thorough examination. I'll take your lantern out and get it. You needn't come, and you couldn't find it yourself."

And so, disregarding some proffer of assistance from Stillgrove, I passed out through the open door, into the hall, where upon a chair there stood a lighted stable lantern, took it, and passed through the kitchen into the lane and thence to the barn-yard, where my cutter, with the shafts leaning against the granery door, stood.

The storm had at length worn itself out, and the wind had dropped to an almost dead calm. The snow-fall had ceased with the wind, and the stars twinkled with that electric brightness peculiar to a Canadian winter's night. Over the forest at the back of the farm a pale, cold, full moon was rising.

I placed the lantern in the bottom of the cutter, and producing the envelope, which was unsealed and unaddressed, took therefrom a sheet of ordinary note paper, unfolded it, and read:—

"I have wrote this to let people know how i have come by my deth, i know i am going to dye, because i feel the poyson working already, they give me a big dose to night in my tea, i know this for i heerd them talking about it after tea, it is all the doin of that wicked retch of a girl, he is tired of me

and theyve been planning this thing for the last twelve month, i seen and known it since last winter, theyll turn it off on account of my father bein' in the sylum, but that's got nothin to do with it, he went crasy from a blo on his head, there's never been one of the name crasy and theyll say I tuk the stuff myself, but as sure as theres a God in heaven theyll have to answer for this, he was a good man till that hussy came "

ANGELINA STILLGROVE.

Dec. 29th, 188—

P S —i have wrote this in my right mind.

I read the crabbed scrawl with some difficulty in the imperfect light, but with gathering horror.

The history of a ghastly conspiracy lay unfolded before me. So far by a mere mischance it had failed. What could I do to prevent a fresh attempt. I must in some roundabout but unmistakable way intimate to them my suspicions, and my determination to subject them to a vigilant surveillance. But no time was to be lost.

I therefore hunted up my stethoscope, which I suddenly remembered I had stowed away with some other articles under the cutter seat, and returned to the house.

I found both Stillgrove and the girl in the kitchen. The former followed me into the bed-room.

I placed the stethoscope in position, and, in answer to an enquiring look from my patient's eyes, I whispered slowly and softly, "I've read it. Have no fear. I'll see you get no harm."

From the action of her heart I decided that she would require occasional doses of stimulant, and intimated this to Stillgrove, who was sitting in his usual observant attitude.

Well, that's unfortnit," he said s'owly; "we never keep liquor in the house;" then, as if struck with a sudden idea, he continued: "If you'll give me a ride as far as the tenth of Pitt, I guess I can get some from old Sandy McFarland; he always keeps it in the house."

I saw no possibility of any reasonable objection to this, though I would just as soon have taken a rattlesnake into my cutter; and so, after mixing

some medicine, and compounding some powders, and taking leave of my patient, who gave me a parting look of unutterable wistfulness and gratitude, I accompanied Stillgrove into the kitchen.

Here I gave minute directions as to the administering of the medicine, and then, with an alternate look into the eyes of both, said slowly, and with great firmness:

"Remember, I want my directions carried out to the letter. I won't be responsible for any neglect. I'll be here about noon to-morrow."

From the expression in the eyes of both I instinctively felt that my hint had gone straight home. The servant girl returned my look with intensified brazen doggedness, but with an uneasy twitch at the corners of the mouth; Stillgrove, I noticed, was, with an ostentatious assumption of looking point blank into my face, really looking past me.

We got the team hitched up, and were soon on the high road. Before extinguishing the stable lantern, I looked at my watch, and found that it was half-past twelve. The moon was now high in the heavens, and with the pure, new-fallen snow, made the smallest objects clearly distinguishable.

I drove down the road, and along the Town Line, as fast as the drifts would safely allow, desirous of abbreviating my enforced companionship with Stillgrove, close proximity to whom made my flesh positively creep. Moreover, I felt morally certain that he knew that some communication had passed between me and his wife. And then there was the hint I had just given him as to tampering with the medicine.

We drove then in unbroken silence for nearly a mile and a half, when, as I slackened up to ascend a hill a few rods beyond which we would turn down towards the bridge in the hollow, he suddenly said: "What was in that paper you got from my wife, Dr. Horncastle?"

A jab in the side with a bowie knife would scarcely have startled me more and found me less prepared. So, as I suspected, the servant girl had divined the whole thing, and of course communicated her suspicions to Stillgrove.

I was so taken aback by the brazen effrontery of the brute, as well as by the suddenness of the question, that I did not answer him.

"Say, Doctor," he resumed, in a coaxing tone, "let me have that paper. I'll make it worth your while, and I've got the stuff on me now," and he made a movement as if to produce his pocket book.

"Mr. Stillgrove," I replied, unutterably disgusted, "don't insult me with this kind of talk."

"Then she did give you a paper, and you went out to read it when you went to look for that instrument in the cutter?"

I did not reply, and he resumed in a low, quick, eager voice: "I'll give you fifty dollars in cash for that paper."

"What do you take me for?" I asked, as we surmounted the hill and resumed our trot.

"Look here, I'll make it seventy-five; yes, I'll make it a hundred," he said, laying his hand on my arm.

"Mr. Stillgrove," I said, with all the dignity I could muster, "if you don't stop this kind of talk, I must ask you to get out of the cutter. To be plain with you, I won't allow any man to talk to me in this style."

There was a silence of several minutes, during which we turned down towards the bridge.

"Dr. Horncastle," suddenly resumed my companion, "do you think it is right for a man in your position to listen to a poor demented creature like my wife, that's been subject these five years and more to all kinds of delusions? And don't you think that I, as her husband, have a good right to demand that letter?"

Had my suspicions been less deeply

rooted, his wonderfully persuasive voice would, I believe, have shaken my resolution. But, not to mention his attempted bribe, there were too many ugly features about the affair to make me anything but morally certain of the existence of foul play, so I answered coldly, as one whom no appeals could move: "I must decline to discuss this matter with you."

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. I haven't decided what I shall do. You'd better let the matter drop."

"You won't give me the letter, then?"

"No."

He did not reply. We had now reached the bridge. About half way across the approach he suddenly slipped out of the cutter, ran on ahead and then stopped in the middle of the bridge and close to the gaps already referred to. Before I had begun to form any coherent surmise as to the meaning of this move on his part, I had reached the place where he stood. Then I saw him start forward and seize the horses. Naturally they came to a full stop.

Before my blank astonishment would allow me to utter a word he yelled out in a passion-transformed voice:

"I'll not let you pass till you give me that paper. Will you give it or not,—for the last time?"

"No!" I shouted back; "Make way or I'll drive over you."

"Look here," he said, with another sudden change in his marvellously flexible voice, "Why don't you listen to reason? You can make money out of that letter if you just say the word. But if you won't, I'll try some other way with you."

"You'll neither force nor coax it from me," I replied.

"Well, I give you fair warning. I've got a loaded seven-shooter in my pocket. Won't that bring you to your senses?"

As he stopped speaking I began to

be conscious of a peculiar motion in the cutter. It suddenly gave a backward and downward tip. Looking behind me, I was horrified to perceive that, while I had been talking, Stillgrove had gradually backed the rig half over the undefended edge of the bridge. At this point the height of the bridge above the frozen river was at least fifty feet, and a fall therefrom meant certain death. With consummate cunning, he had kept me closely engaged in a most exciting discussion, and so diverted my attention.

Already the cutter was more than half over the edge of the bridge. There was only one thing to be done. I gave the horses a tremendous cut with the whip. They bounded forward nearly a rod, at once freeing me from my perilous position, and then, stopping, recoiled a little, bounded forward again, and rearing high in the air dragged Stillgrove off his feet. Down in a moment they came with a tremendous thump that made the crazy old bridge quiver like a billow-buffed ship. Stillgrove still battled desperately with the snorting, half-maddened horses. Again they began to back, and I felt the cutter tip again. I desperately applied the whip. They made a second tremendous forward bound, and again rearing almost upon their haunches, came down upon their feet, this time freed from their tormentor. An ominous crack like a musket shot rang out in the frosty air, then another and another. As we dashed forward, I felt the old bridge reeling beneath me. I had just gained the further approach, when, with a thunderous roaring crash that to my dying day will ring in my ears the whole bridge behind me gave way. Flogging my horses like one possessed, I dashed across the approach and reached the road. There my terrified team suddenly stopped stock-still, and I could feel the cutter vibrate as they trembled.

I looked round and saw that the

bridge had subsided into a shapeless mass of wreckage.

I got out, and after patting and quieting my team, ran back and took a closer survey of the fallen bridge. The shock of its descent had smashed the ice, and the liberated river, which runs fast here, was furiously boiling and bubbling against the broken timbers and over the surface of the unbroken ice further down. Not a sign of Stillgrove was visible or audible. With my heart in mouth I hailed him once—twice—thrice—and, after a long pause, for a fourth time.

There was no answer.

As any nearer approach to the ruined bridge was utterly impracticable, and would in fact have been an exceedingly perilous undertaking, I returned to where my team still stood trembling and steaming in the cold, clear moonlight.

Feeling morally certain that Stillgrove had met with a sudden and horrible death, and knowing full well the utter uselessness of making any attempt to recover his body, I drove home. Taking it altogether, I felt that the accident had been the providential means of ridding the earth of a most detestable wretch. And I was thankful that I had not been called upon to attempt his rescue.

I reached his late residence by a circuitous route about noon the next day, and found my patient greatly improved, but as yet unconscious of her husband's fate.

As I was returning along the town-line I met some of the neighbors conveying the body of the wretched man home. It had been found pinned by a broken timber to the bottom of the river and was badly mangled.

His widow, who of course sent the hired girl about her business, gave him a decent funeral, and discreetly held her tongue. I very much question if anyone beside herself, the hired girl and your humble servant, had anything more than a hazy suspicion

of this, to use a medical term, "aborted" crime. Medical men see some strange things in the course of their practice, and come into the involuntary guardianship of many dark family secrets whose disclosure would send many fair reputations sky high. Stillgrove is still spoken of by his neighbors as a decent, well-spoken, inoffensive man

who had a good word for everybody and had not an enemy in the township.

On my part I was so profoundly impressed with the almost "poetical" righteousness of his fate that I have always regarded his horrible end as a direct interposition of Divine justice, and I have named this story accordingly.

AWAY FROM THE CITY.

Away from the city
Where eager throngs struggle
For pleasure or riches
Position or fame,
Where wantonness squanders
And poverty wanders
And thousands are crushed in
The self-seeking game.

Away from the worry
The turmoil and hurry,
From anxious looks stamp'd with
The deep rut of care,
Where purse pow'r infringe,
And penury cringes,
And cunning o'erreaches
By methods unfair.

Away from ambition
And feverish excitement,
The smoke and the din of
The bread-winning strife,
Where fortune's swift losses
Reverse and crosses
Are sapping the mind pow'r
Of many a life.

Away to the country
Where morn with her blushes
Awakens the breezes,
And nature restores
Where valleys are nursing
And dawn light dispersing
The night mists ingather'd
From wave-beaten shores.

Away to the meadows
Where cow bells are tinkling
And cobwebs hang beaded
With dew of the night,
Where young broods are napping
And woodpeckers tapping
And gray hawks go floating
In ambient flight.

The smile-crested meadows
O'er-swept by the shadows
Of shatter'd cloud squadrons
In flying retreat,
Where wanton wind presses
The low-ben'ling grasses
With am'rous caresses
And whisperings sweet.

Away to the backwoods
Where tall trees entangled
Are swaying green branches
Aloft in the air,
Where brooklets are sparkling
And hillsides bespangled
With wild flow'rs unwrinkled
By culture or care,

The dark silent wildwood
In long days of childhood
Its visions enchanting
So dreamily taught.
Where young foxes gambol
Among the wild bramble
And berry crown'd hillocks
By partridge blood sought.

Away from confusion,
Midst forest seclusion,
Enjoy the soft music
Of each breeze that blows,
The song of the pines
And the sigh of the cypress
Will bring to the weary
Mind soothing repose.

Recall the dimmed phantoms
Of youth's fervid dreaming
Review all the years that
Have gone to the past.
The remembered experience
With wisdom is teeming,—
Inspired by its lessons,
The future recast.

EDWARD MEEK.

THE BERNHARDT AND THE BEAR.

How the Celebrated Actress Shot a Bear.

BY. A. M. R. GORDON.

A LITTLE over five years ago, the city of Seattle was honored with a visit by "the Divine Sara" Bernhardt.

That visit seemed the fitting culmination to the "boom" which had carried that resolutely progressive burg over the opposition of the Tacoma wing of the Northern Pacific Railway Company, and the terrible fire which had subsequently wiped its business part out of existence.

That fire, by the way, had consumed a city of lumber, but its place was taken by a new city of brick—another proof, if proof were needed, that Seattle was peopled by men of exceptional energy and confidence, men who could

of the press tried vainly all manner of devices to get a word with the great actress.

There was one scribe, however, who accomplished what every one believed to be the impossible. He succeeded, not indeed in interviewing the Bernhardt in the sense of getting a confidential "talk" with her, but seeing her kill a bear, by planting a bullet squarely between its eyes, and thus beholding her in a new rôle—one certainly never filled by her on any stage.

This is how it came about.

Guy C. Phinney, a very successful and most genial real estate man of Seattle, had laid out, in the suburbs, a fine place of resort which he had named "Woodland Park." He had built a trolley road to it; had cleared and laid out a part of it in the most approved "park" style, but by far the larger portion of it still remained in the condition which Longfellow has defined, for all time, as "the forest primeval."

Mr. Phinney had, through the columns of the local press, from time to time circulated reports that a bear or bears had been seen there, but few, if any, of the people of Seattle believed the stories, and these attempts to add the *feræ nature* to the other charms of Woodland Park seemed destined to end in smoke, to the disappointment of Mr. Phinney and his discredit as an ingenious advertiser.

But if any man thought that Phinney was to be "left" when it came to advertising, that man was fooled. Sara Bernhardt's arrival gave him the very chance Mr. Phinney was waiting for.

To newspaper interviewers, she was absolutely invisible, and the "sleuths"

He buttonholed Abbey on the even-

"Grasp the skirts of happy chance,
And battle with their evil star."

Then, to crown their highest hopes, to show that Destiny approved their efforts to make the city by Elliott's Bay the great metropolis of Puget Sound, Sara Bernhardt, the world's greatest actress, came to fill an engagement in its Opera House.

The great actress, to be sure, did not patronize any of the fine hotels which the city boasted. She had her own car, side-tracked at the dépôt, and lived and moved and had her being therein during the most of the time when she was not on the boards in the Opera House aforesaid. She was not seen to any extent on the sidewalks of Seattle's leading streets. She kept herself to herself, except so far as she may have talked to Manager Abbey, and her *cher garçon* Maurice, whose surname, for reasons, is the same as that of his *maman*.

ing when Madame Bernhardt was going to play, and told him that, if "the divine" would like to get some bear-shooting in the immediate neighborhood of the city, he would be delighted to accommodate her in his demesne of Woodland Park on the following day.

On Mr. Abbey's broaching the idea to the Bernhardt, that lady literally jumped at it, and arrangements were promptly made that the hunting party should proceed to the park the following day.

Mr. Phinney had now to find the bear.

This there was little or no difficulty in doing. A histo-genetic (whatever that may mean) doctor in the city had a tame black bear which he was willing to dispose of for the sum of \$100. Phinney promptly bought the animal, and arranged for his conveyance to Woodland Park on the following morning, under the care of the Chinese factotum doctor.

The arrangement was duly carried out, so far as starting the Chinaman and his charge along the road was concerned. But trouble began *en route*. Bruin took the idea into his head that he might vary the monotony of trudging along the dusty road by "climbing" his Mongolian leader, and the latter incontinently fled, leaving the bear to his own devices.

When Phinney heard of this he immediately organized a band of men to recapture the bear, for he felt "in his bones" that it would never do to have Madame Bernhardt "draw a blank" in Woodland Park.

The bear was finally caught, released from his chains, and comfortably "treed" in the shadiest and wildest part of the park.

Then Mr. Phinney notified the favored reporter aforesaid (he worked on an evening paper) and in due time the latter followed up the carriage containing Mdme. Bernhardt, Maurice Bernhardt, Mr. Abbey, and Guy Phin-

ney, in the direction of Woodland Park.

Arrived at the gateway, all left the carriage, and Mdme. Bernhardt, excusing herself for a minute or two, stepped behind the vehicle and returned without her petticoats and skirt, and clad in the bifurcated garb of the French huntsman, breeches, top-boots, and all *en regle*. In her hand she carried a dainty rifle, and looked "business" all over.

There was no time lost in reaching the foot of the tree where the bear was, though Phinney made a great show of hunting around with two mongrel hounds which he had impressed into his service for the day.

When it was announced that the quarry had been located, Mdme. Bernhardt stepped coolly forward, sighted the head of the animal and, with the coolness of one who having long ago got over "stage fright," took no account of "buck fever," planted a bullet straight between the eyes of bruin, and tumbled him to the foot of the tree as dead as Queen Anne,

He was a big, "well-nourished" bear—a proof of the soundness of the histo-genetic system of treatment, and as the great tragedienne with stately grace planted her foot on his body it was a tableaux worth a good deal to see.

The scribe returned to his office, wrote the whole story for his paper as a *bona fide* bear-hunt, and it "went" with the public.

The morning papers were "left"—"scooped." They had had no reporter on the ground, and all they could do was to re-hash the story told by the evening journal. Of course, nothing could be got out of Mr. Phinney but what was confirmation of the evening paper's story, and Abbey did not know anything more than what he had seen. So the morning papers confirmed the tale. "The Divine Sara" left next day under the impression that she had, in very truth, slain a wild bear, and the eastern press reprinted the story.

Over the fact that the scribe who his *confreres* of the morning dailies,
 wrote the tale originally, and who was and giving a still larger measure of
 alone on the inside track, afterwards advertising to the proprietor of Wood-
 exposed the whole thing in the most land Park, I draw a veil.
 merciless way, poking heartless fun at

A PAIR OF HANDS.

I lingered o'er the hand I held
 As we had lingered o'er the way ;
 Its five small members, soft and warm,
 Within my own responsive lay.
 And all the while with joyous pride
 My heart within its bosom swelled,
 Because I knew that I had won
 The girl whose hand I lingering held.

I lingered o'er another hand
 I held last night ; and clean forgot
 The other one, because I knew
 I held a hand to rake the pot.
 And all the while I raised the pile ;
 Until to show I was compelled
 A flush in hearts—the hand at cards
 That in my own I lingering held.

JEREMY CLAY.



SOUTH AUSTRALIA'S VICTORY FOR ADULT SUFFRAGE

BY CATHERINE HELEN SPENCE.

THE hearts of all friends of Equal Rights in this Province of South Australia are pretty cheerful at this Christmastide, because on the 18th of this month the bill granting to women the same political rights as men passed its third reading by an absolute majority in the House of Assembly, having previously passed by an absolute majority in the Council, our Upper House.

The history of the movement is interesting, because it was a very different measure which was first presented to the legislature by Dr. Stirling, in 1886, then by Mr. Caldwell in 1890 and 1891. Three times was the restricted bill presented—that giving to women of property, householders, and tax-payers, who had no husband voting on the same qualification, the vote for the members of the Upper House, which is elected from larger areas than the Assembly. This vote was by a small property franchise; and if the Conservatives had not been too stupid, too prejudiced, or too sentimental to see that thus they might enormously strengthen the legislative council and the capitalistic forces generally, they could have passed that mild measure. It is the only form in which women suffrage has been presented in England, where the franchise is based on property or residence, for the only elective chamber, the House of Commons.

When the bill was next brought forward, the Women's Suffrage League, which grew out of the Society for the Promotion of Social Purity, took their stand on Adult Suffrage for both Houses on the same terms as men; and they were soon joined by the Temperance party and the W.C.T.U. The Province of South Australia is the

most democratic of all in the Island Continent, I think. New Zealand is not more so. So a bill for adult suffrage has been presented in three separate years—1892, 1893, and 1894,—and after all sorts of devices, and every variety of fair and unfair opposition, it now only waits for the Queen's assent to become the law of the land.

I had been considered a weak-kneed sister for many years, because I was so eager for equitable representation on the basis of proportional methods—what I call Effective Voting—that I did not care to double the number of votes till we could secure that none should be wasted.

I knew that adult suffrage was right and just; but the reform that for 33 years I have worked for was a reform in which I was absolutely disinterested. If it were supposed that I sought for any personal, or any sex privilege, I feared I might not be so persuasive. But, of late years the movement for adult suffrage has been so strong that I dared not neglect it. In the campaign which I carried on for Effective Voting in this Province, I addressed women as well as men; I gave ballot papers for test elections to both; I knew they were going to have the suffrage ere long, and I tried to show them that this method would make their votes effective.

It was also founded on peace and not on war. The militant traditions of our ancestors are to be traced in our political methods as well as in our industrial competition. Victory and spoils for one party; discouragement, defeat, and discomfiture for the other. The One-man District is the "peu" in which the duel is carried on; and the duel between the picked and trained champions of the two parties is organ-

ized by strong party managers. The perfection of this is seen in the United States.

In other countries, in Great Britain and her colonies, for instance, we have the two natural parties—the party of Order and the party of Progress. Neither of the American parties can be called by either name. All progress is outside of the parties; and order is threatened seriously by the combat for victory and spoils, and the corrupt practices carried on. This is the reason why Women Suffrage is so hard to win by the women of the United States. It does not promise any advantage to the Republican or the Democratic party, and it is excluded from practical politics. We therefore see the strange anomaly, that in the great Republic, where women are a greater social force than anywhere else in the world, they are weaker politically than in England and the colonies, excepting in a few localities. They have not even the municipal vote which tax-payers ought to exercise.

If the municipal vote in the United States had been what it is with us, for the election of mayor and councillors only, women would have had it long ago; but the municipal vote means the choosing of all sorts of highly-paid officers who are marshalled on political party lines. An American municipal ballot is a fearful and wonderful thing; and the reverses which a slight change in political feeling, or an astute expenditure of money, can make in the civic as well as in the civil service of the United States, are things which politicians think that women had better be kept out of.

In fact, elections in the United States are so much for officials that women especially scarcely understand what representation means. When a list of candidates was presented to them to be voted on by the single transferable vote, their minds ran on the election of one president, one governor, one judge; and when told that

proportional representation did not affect such uninominal appointments they were disposed to think it of little value.

The laws in the United States are generally so much better than the administration of them that the main wish of the conscientious women is to vote for men of good character who will carry out the laws. Now, in a British colony, the Civic and the Civil Service are secure during good conduct; and even vacancies by death or resignation must be filled up on recognized principles.

Woman suffrage, limited, would be a clear advantage to the Conservative party. Adult suffrage is evidently an advantage to the labor or radical party. On these lines, it will be fought in every Australian colony, sooner or later; while in America, where the women need the ballot less than the ballot needs them, it may be indefinitely postponed. All the outside parties, the Populists, the Socialists, the Single Taxers, the Prohibitionists, put this reform on their programme, and the Labor Party as well; but they are so squeezed between the upper and nether mill-stones by the Republican and the Democratic machine that the women seem to "get no forwarder," after a far longer and harder struggle than we have had.

It is worthy of remark that the two colonies which have first won woman suffrage are those which have taxed land values, and those in which proportional representation has been most vigorously advocated.

If I am spared in health and strength, I hope to go again through this province on an educational tour. I am now in my seventieth year; but, if I can, by means of my sister voters, press this valuable reform so that South Australia would be the pioneer in equitable representation, the work of my life will be accomplished.

ADELAIDE, S. AUSTRALIA,
29th December, 1894.

THE BROOK'S GRIEF.

Hast heard the song I sing among
The boulders black, the fallen trees,
The slimy sedge along the edge,
Where stunted willows choke the breeze ;

Where fern and snake-weed, dark and rank,
Suck the black blood of last year's bloom,
And through the grasses, thick and dank,
The slug trails bright across the gloom ?

Beyond, the sunbeams gently play —
I see them web the far, far sky ;
But I, who hate the light of day,
Swift and unheeding hurry by,

And pass again with grim delight
Into the shadows deep and still —
There I can dream, far from the gleam,
And nurse my sorrow as I will.

Men listen to my clam'rous voice,
And deem me but a blithesome thing,
Made but to chatter and rejoice,
And mock the robins as they sing.

These are light souls that never knew
Such pain as finds no earthly balm ;
But they who know remorse and woe —
They see and hear me as I am.

They catch beneath the joyous plash,
A feverish but ceaseless moan ;
And recognize, with darkening eyes,
A soul responsive to their own.

In the grey night when all is still,
Save that the hemlocks fret and toss
Because the wakeful whip-poor-will
Is noisy in his house of moss —

Ah then ! I wildly beat my shores,
My anguish breaks its bonds in twain ;
Each tiny leaf shakes with my grief ;
The sluggish rushes thrill with pain.

Yet never man may guess the woe
That floods my heart unto its fill —
Nor is there joy that I may know,
Bound as I am to witness ill.

Dark with men's tears, my current sweeps
The tragic vales of life, and then
Is destined far in stormy deeps
To fill the mouths of drowning men.

—JAMES A. TUCKER.

HYPNOTISM.

BY GEORGE M. AYLSWORTH, M.D.

ABOUT a quarter of a century ago, Prof. Crookes, an eminent scientific man of London, with a number of others as associates, undertook an investigation of the manifestations produced through a spiritualist named Home. I, at that time, carefully read the full reports of these investigations published in scientific journals, and of the many tests two impressed themselves upon my memory. One was the placing of an accordeon, or a concertina, in a large wire cage, closed at every point by a wire netting of fine mesh, excepting that a hole was left barely large enough to insert a hand and arm as far as the elbow. Mr. Home introduced his hand, and taking hold of one side of the instrument, a number of tunes were played. The tune was selected by the on-lookers, if within the *repertoire*. The other was a ruler laid flat upon a table with rather more than one-half of it extending beyond the table's edge. This want of support was remedied by suspending the projecting end from a spring balance. The ruler being in this position, Mr. Home would place one finger upon the upper side of that portion of the ruler which was laid flat upon the table, with the result that the suspended end was depressed, indicating a weight of more than a pound, and the end lying on the table was raised from the table, notwithstanding that Mr. Home's finger was upon its upper side.

One conclusion formulated at the close of these investigations was that in many of the tests, there was a force utilized that at that time was not taken into account by science; and, as a matter of convenience it was called Psychic or mind force. This name was applied *only* as a matter of

convenience, for the investigators did not presume to offer any explanation of the phenomena. Although, at the time, Prof. Crookes and his associates received a severe chastisement at the hands of their fellow scientists, the exhibition of and interest in these phenomena have been growing—and growing in importance,—until now many scientific men display the true scientific spirit (something unusual enough to merit remark), and, instead of ridiculing what they cannot explain, they are brave enough to say "I don't know," and admit that Psychology can now justly claim to rank as a science, and that its phenomena are worthy of serious study. From the time the witch of Endor raised the Spirit of Samuel, or made Saul believe she did, down to our own times, the belief in the supernatural has been almost universal. And although it has become fashionable in recent years to "pooh pooh" the idea, almost every individual member of the human race has more or less superstition, or a belief in the supernatural in his composition. Even Gen. Wolseley very recently declined an invitation to the Thirteen Club, on the ground that he had too much respect for superstition to accept it with a clear conscience, while I am free to admit that I never see the new moon for the first time, or find a horse's shoe, without thinking of the influence over my future. I do not believe there is anything supernatural or immaterial. I would not have the reader, however, think I use these words in the ordinary acceptance, for, although I cannot conceive of anything without body, form or parts, as spirits are supposed to exist, I believe we have the two forms of material—the physical and the spirit-

ual, and that both forms are subject to the same laws and that they gradually merge the one into the other,—the boundary line not being clearly drawn.

This Psychic force is said to manifest itself in mesmerism, psychometry, telepathy, clairaudience, clairvoyance, crystal gazing, hypnotism, mind healing, Christian science and treatment by suggestion, etc., and these in the present state of our knowledge, in my opinion, must be regarded as one genus. There can be no doubt entertained by anyone who investigates these things honestly, that there are things seen, heard and done—described under one or other of these names—which cannot be explained upon a physical basis, as we at present understand physics.

I believe that all of these phenomena, that are genuine, depend for a *medium* to *transmit* the *force*, upon the universal ether, and for a *force* upon that which proceeds from sentient, living beings.

The English words "thought" or "mind" seem to me all-sufficient to describe this force.

We think that this ether sustains the innumerable planets in equilibrium while they move in their respective orbits. We believe that it transmits light and heat, that it transmits sound and permeates every atom of the universe, and that it therefore permeates us. We know that thought or mind, like electricity, of which it is, perhaps, but an amorphous form, does influence matter. Tuke, in his book, "The Influence of the Mind upon the Body," gives many instances, and a large percentage of them are of so homely a character that we have, most of us, experienced them ourselves. As instances: having seen some loathsome sight which, at the time, produced nausea or fainting, the mere recollection of it brought back to us suddenly, after a lapse of time, will reproduce the symptoms. The mildness or violence of the symptoms reproduced in

this way depends upon the sensitive-ness of the person affected.

We have all experienced the peculiar creeping sensation produced by a slate pencil held at right angles to a slate and drawn over it, and most of us have felt the same sensation in a lesser degree when we have seen a pencil held in the same relative position, and passing through the same motions, though the point of the pencil may not be in contact with the slate at all and no sound whatever has been produced.

A somewhat remarkable instance came within my own experience, where a man had been stealing melons from a garden, and finally got one that had been loaded with tartar emetic, which produced its physiological results. He afterwards, in a spirit of bravado, stole some fruit from a garden where a warning against poison was posted, and although there was no poison present, it acted quite as promptly.

Taking a step further, we find Buchanan quoting with approval in his Psychometry from Goethe's writings: "One soul may have a decided influence upon another merely by means of its silent presence. It has often happened to me that when I have been walking with an acquaintance and have had a living image of something in my mind, he has at once begun to speak of that very thing." I have, myself, met such instances. "I have also known a man," Goethe says, "who, without saying a word, could suddenly silence a party engaged in cheerful conversation, by the mere power of his mind. Nay, he could also introduce a tone which would make everybody feel uncomfortable. We have all something of this force within us. . . . It is possible, nay, even probable, that if a young girl were, without knowing it, to find herself in a dark chamber with a man who designed to murder her, she would have an uneasy sense of his unknown presence, and that an anguish would come

over her which would drive her to the family parlor."

And we know that in art, the quality of the poem, the picture, the statue or the music is the thought its author embodies in it. The more we can think the same thought, or experience the same emotion that is seeking expression in a work of art, the more is its power over us. The ability to be thus influenced is largely a gift, though the gift can be cultivated, and thus increased, and it is not pure intellect, as is evidenced by Carlyle's want of appreciation for art. A person who is impressed by a work of art is under the influence of extraneous thought, which, originating in the sentient, living being, the artist, is a force projected through the universal ether—the medium—upon the mind of the person so impressed, the work of art being merely an instrument of precision.

The person who is most impressed by a work of art is also the person most capable of influencing others by work in some department of art. In spiritualism this person would be called a medium; in psychology a psychic; but a better word, which covers all classes in the present state of our knowledge, would be the one recently coined—a Sensitive.

As it is true that an artist influences his fellow-being by the thought he embodies in his work, so it is true that one mind can influence another through the medium of the ether without the aid of instruments, such as a work of art, written or printed words, physical contact, verbal suggestions, etc. It is also true, and very easily demonstrated, that these aids render the process so easy and so universal that it passes without remark, unless the manifestation is extraordinary. This form of influence is the lowest form in which it is manifested, and is the only one with which I have any experience as an operator.

In regard to hypnotism, most human beings are susceptible to its influence, but the susceptibility varies im-

mensely. Dr. Liebeault, of Nancy furnishes the following statistics:—

Out of 1,014 patients, 27 were uninfluenced, 33 had drowsiness, 100 had light sleep, 460 had heavy sleep, 232 had very heavy sleep, 31 had slight somnambulism, 121 had advanced somnambulism. Prof. Beaunis states that about twelve per cent. are influenced, and Van Eeden, of Amsterdam; Moll, of Berlin; Wetterstrand, of Stockholm; Bramwell, of Goole; Kingsbury of Blackpool; Cruise, of Dublin, and Tuckey, of London, give about the same results.

In my own experience, out of some forty cases, twelve were uninfluenced, but some attempts were made under very unfavorable conditions.

Hypnotism is simply mesmerism, and the word, as derived from the Greek, means sleep, and it is a much better word than the latter, which was derived from the name of the man Mesmer, who practised it.

It is quite unnecessary to relate the innumerable popular ideas of hypnotism, derived from fiction and imaginative writers; but, without further introduction, I will point out what it is, and its limitations as far as my limited knowledge will permit.

It depends upon what we physicians describe as the principle of inhibition. This principle can best be explained, perhaps, by examples of its manifestation. Many of my readers have suffered from toothache and have found that the near approach to a dentist to have it extracted, or in those who are sensitives, the mere thought of visiting a dentist will cause the pain to cease. This effect is produced by the dread of the forceps overcoming or inhibiting the pain of the irritated dental nerve, and for the time overcoming all other sensations. People possessing a high power of mental concentration easily inhibit all sensation by the subject upon which their mind is concentrated. The dancing dervish of the East, who, by rapid and monotonous and religious songs, renders him-

self insensible to pain; the Indian medicine man of our North-West, who, by fasting and a persistent contemplation of the pit of his stomach, produces a semi-conscious condition in which he sees visions of occurrences at a distance, in common with the Christian martyr whose absolute faith and religious ecstasy enable him to pass through the most horrible torture without giving a sign of pain, have simply inhibited their nerves of sensation, or, in other words, are the subjects of auto—or self—hypnotization.

All who practise hypnotism aim at inhibiting all the nervous organization of their subjects, except that portion under their own control, or that portion that is susceptible to the suggestion of the hypnotist. When perfectly reduced to this condition the subject will obey any suggestion made by the operator. As a matter of fact, all hypnotization is produced by the subject directing his mind, whether at the prompting of a second person, or of his own volition, to one subject so strongly that all others are excluded. This, it is thought, is produced in a number of ways. By taking a barn-yard fowl, holding it upon a board in a sitting position with its beak in contact with the board, then drawing with a piece of chalk, straight forward for about two feet, the bird will be in a state of hypnotic catalepsy for a longer or shorter time. By varying the method, the same result can be obtained with many animals. A rabbit laid upon its back in a little trough, which is merely used to prevent its falling over, rapidly becomes hypnotized. Horses are easily hypnotized by a person standing in front of them, so that they are compelled to look at him fixedly. In fact, this method has been introduced, by law, into the Austrian army for the purpose of shoeing horses while under the influence. (Moll). The charming of birds by snakes is hypnotism, where the snake is the hypnotist and the bird is the subject.

Again, if the subject possesses a fair amount of will power and refuses to submit that will-power to the operator, or, at least, holds its exercise in abeyance, he cannot be hypnotised. Strong minds are quite as readily brought under the influence as are weak ones, but they must be consenting to it, or at least in a state of non-resistance.

The reader will have gathered from all this that the power of the operator consists only in his ability to induce his subject to concentrate his mental force upon his suggestions, to the exclusion of everything else. The various degrees with which a subject can be induced to do this give rise to the various degrees of hypnotization. These degrees have been variously classified, but the simplest and most satisfactory classification I have met is that of Siebeault of France, who makes six degrees:—

First,—The patient feels a heaviness of the eyelids and a general drowsiness.

Second,—This is characterized by suggestive catalepsy. When the operator places the arm in a certain position and says it is to remain there it is impossible for the patient to put it down. It remains rigid and fixed for a much longer time than would be possible in a natural state. In these two degrees consciousness remains almost complete, and often the patient denies having been in the hypnotic state, because he has heard and remembers every word which has been spoken to him. A very large proportion of people never pass beyond this stage.

Third,—In this the patient is also conscious, to a certain extent, of all that is going on around him and hears every word addressed to him, but he is oppressed by great sleepiness. An action communicated to a limb is automatically continued. If the arm is rotated it goes on turning until the operator directs its stoppage.

Fourth,—In the fourth degree of

hypnotic sleep the patient ceases to be in relation to the outer world. He hears only what is said to him by the operator.

Fifth and sixth,—These constitute somnambulism. In the former, recollection of what occurred during sleep is indistinct and recalled with difficulty. In the latter, the patient is unable to recall, *spontaneously*, anything which has occurred while asleep. All the phenomena of post-hypnotic suggestion can be induced in this condition.

The means used to produce the needed concentration of mind are almost as various as the operators are numerous, for almost any proceeding that will fix the attention will succeed. Perhaps the one least used at present is the original one of sitting facing the subject, clasping the hands and looking intently into the eyes. This method has the disadvantage of sometimes changing the relative positions and converting the operator into the subject and *vice versa*. Other methods are by stroking the forehead; and, perhaps, the one most practised now is to cause the subject to look at some bright object steadily while it is held in a position that requires continuous effort for him to keep it within his field of vision. Some operators are able to influence their subjects without touching them or speaking to them, but their numbers are very few; for to do this they must possess, in an extraordinary degree, the power, common to us all, of impressing others with our thought. They must have cultivated this common attribute until they have become experts in telepathy or mental telegraphy.

In the classification given above, the first four degrees leave the subject not only conscious but in such a condition that when roused he will remember all that has passed. For treatment by suggestion these lighter degrees are quite sufficient, but it is impossible to tell in advance whether a subject can or cannot be influenced at all and, if influenced, to what ex-

tent. In the fifth degree the subject remembers with great difficulty what has passed when asleep, but in the sixth degree he cannot remember anything that passed without its being suggested to him after waking. It is only in the sixth degree that the phenomena known as post-hypnotic suggestion can be produced, and, as far as I have any data, only one in ten of the human family is capable of being reduced to this condition. This condition has but recently been put forward as a defence in a court of law in one of the Western States, and with a result entirely unprecedented. The man who did the murder did not deny the fact, but declared that he did it while under the influence of post-hypnotic suggestion and on that ground was discharged as not guilty. But the alleged operator was arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to death for the crime which was committed in his absence, and the prosecution did not claim that he was present. As a result, very stringent legislation has been enacted in the West looking to the suppression of the practice of hypnotism.

Readers are familiar with the exhibitions of the travelling mesmerist, but may not all be aware of the fact that some, at least, of the exhibitions of Eastern magic are dependant upon hypnotism for their success. One of their favorite tricks is the supposed piercing through and through of a child with a sword and its disappearance afterwards in the air. And the use of hypnotism to produce the effects was first demonstrated by two British officers who were witnessing this feat in India. One of them had a kodak camera with him, which he snapped at intervals, and although they both saw the performance clearly enough, when the plates were developed they found the camera had not been hypnotized, for each one showed the scene with the exception of the babe.

Whether these facts will be of more use to mankind in the future than in

the past is a question very difficult to answer. There are at the present time medical men in every part of the world who are using hypnotism in their practice and apparently with marked success. The great majority of the medical profession will endorse the views of Prof. Alexander J. C. Skene, as expressed in his recent book in which he says, in the chapter on Mental Therapeutics, that this mind cure, "which is exceedingly limited and is imperfectly understood, and is far from accomplishing all that is claimed for it by its enthusiastic advocates outside the profession, must be accepted as a fact. Scientific men of the profession who have employed this, and who have obtained remarkable results in the cure of functional diseases, claim nothing extraordinary. In reference to "Christian Science," "Faith Cure," "Mind Cure," and the like, he says: "I have carefully watched this practice among the laity and have honestly endeavored to give them credit for all they deserve, and I am bound to say that I have found nothing of the wonderful, marvellous, and miraculous, except the failures which they make, as a rule, with an occasional success; so that the good they do is buried out of sight under a heap of mischief." "This popular cure as practised by the laity is little more or less than a craze, which has come to do some good and much harm for a time, and then to disappear, as all things of the kind have done." Besides all this, most people are afraid of it as something uncanny, and look upon one who preaches hypnotism as at least a half brother of his satanic majesty, and when it becomes necessary, in addition to a partial professional ostracism, to take the chance of being hung for murder committed by some one else in one's absence, it has a tendency to cool one's ardour, and lead him to extend his scientific researches in some other direction. Notwithstanding, it is a proceeding which can be utilized to great advantage by medi-

cal men in their work, as I have demonstrated to my own satisfaction.

The great development of Psychical subjects in the various directions enumerated in the earlier part of this paper opens up questions of a religious character which are intensely interesting. Some of the miracles of the Bible are explainable upon the Hypnotic hypothesis, and can be duplicated to-day. This does not in the least take them out of the region of the miraculous, as ordinarily understood.

Again, the scientific dogma of the conservation of force would seem to indicate that the God of the Bible and the "Cause" of the scientist are one and the same. Science says the existence of "Cause" is demonstrated by its effects, and declares that it is, as yet, impossible to detect it as an entity, while the Bible declares that God is manifest in His works—"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork," and also asks the ironical question of man, "Can'st thou by searching find out God?" All this opens an unlimited vista for thought. The mind directs a portion of the nervous energy to perform certain acts with the limbs or body. That is, the mind, which is said to be immaterial, moves the body, which is said to be material and through the limbs or bodies other material substances are moved, such as tables and chairs. In the doing of this there is a transmission of force from the mind to the objects moved. The law of the conservation of force says this force cannot be lost, but is eternal, and has merely changed its form. Then to the names, "God" and "Cause," can be added "Force," and as within the limited scope of our senses we can detect innumerable changes in the form of force, these changes must be accompanied by a display of energy, else we could not detect them. For with our present senses, aided by all the instruments of precision to be had, we can only know of the existence of force by its

effects, as we know of God by His works. Admitting the reasoning thus far, the reanimation of our bodies after death would simply be a manifestation of energy, elicited by a change in the form of force, and, from the scientific stand-point, brings us within sight of the resurrection of the dead, and indicates the easy possibility of the resurrected bodies being endowed with a permanent form of force (call it life, if we please), which would be immortality.

In conclusion, I reiterate the ideas I have advanced.

1st.—Anything that *is*—is material, either physical or spiritual material.

2nd.—Force *is*—therefore Force is material, but it is only manifested or known by its effects.

3rd.—Mind is a *form* of force—therefore it is material, and as such can exert an influence upon other material substances, whether spiritual or physical.

4th.—The more or less perfect concentration of all the mind force possessed by a given organism upon one subject to the exclusion of all else—whether such concentration is prompted by the organism itself, or by another in association with it—constitutes what is known as Hypnotism.

SELFISHNESS AND SOCIALISM.

A Socialist's View.

BY ROBERT L. SIMPSON.

THOUGH somewhat of an anomaly, it is, nevertheless, a fact that the two qualities of mind which mostly tend toward socialism are diametrically opposite to each other—I speak of selfishness and unselfishness.

Looking at the matter superficially, one would naturally be inclined to say that, if this be true, socialism should have already appealed successfully to every one, for every person is either selfish or unselfish. This thought certainly suggests a great element of possibility, under certain conditions, but those conditions do not now exist, for socialism has not been intelligently placed before the vast majority of our race; and, even if it were, it is to be feared that many would turn a deaf ear to it through carelessness, while a certain percentage would be found not possessed of the capacity to understand the question.

To have placed before all persons the justice and benefit that socialism would bring about is, I think, the main and immediate need of the cause.

How to do this best is the question.

The principal difficulty in the way of supplying the answer seems to lie in the existence, amongst those constituting the movement, of the two discordant elements, selfishness and unselfishness, linked for one object, or, to be more accurate, banded together under one name, to bring about, for different purposes, the same desired consummation.

In using the word *selfishness*, I wish to convey the idea of separation, or regard to the interests of self only, and with *unselfishness*, of course the opposite meaning. Though these elements are diametrically opposed to each other, they are not necessarily, *for present work*, beyond the possibility of being harmonized. I say "*for present work*" advisedly, for I cannot conceive of selfishness permitting socialism (once introduced and in practical operation) long to remain so, though it may be utilized in bringing about the system which will not only satisfy selfishness, but at the same time discount it, and and to its being gradually uprooted.

The present conditions are the outcome of disorganized and organized selfishness

unopposed by definite organization; and the future conditions, to be better than the present, must be directed by organized unselfishness, or it is to be feared that the law that "like causes produce like effects" will operate once more, and the present state of fox-and-wolf society be perpetuated. And in so speaking, I have no intention of injuring the feelings of the selfish person, if he be irredeemably selfish, with no thought or care for others; we may be sorry for him, but have no right to blame him; he is probably as broad-minded and open-hearted as he knows how to be, and, like all of us, has been raised in a scientifically constructed a hot house of selfishness as the inventive genius of several thousand years has been able to design.

If a socialist, and still so from absolutely selfish reasons, and no others, he may yet be made useful to the cause, if socialism brings about a proper organization. Should he desire to dominate the movement or, perhaps, endeavor to absorb all the emoluments to be obtained—a contingency not likely to arise for some time to come—he should be gently but firmly assisted to step down and out.

But I think the utterly selfish man is something of a variety. In most of us some chord can be found that will vibrate to the universal harmony of sympathy, and not the least work of socialism should be to locate that chord, and bring it within reach of the notes most suited to it.

Of its very nature, selfishness is destructive. It stands alone, and is blown over by a gale; it walks on the streets, meets with its double, and both get hurt; it tries to go through a gate both ways at once, and the bodies it uses are crushed; it is one continually revolving kaleidoscope of turmoil, collision, separation and chaos. Leave it alone, and its tentacles extend as those of the cancer or leprosy, imperceptibly, but steadily and surely, until the whole vitality has been absorbed, and, in endeavoring to gain strength and lengthen its life, it expires, and is dissipated along with the unfortunate victim in which it took up its abode.

It loves to be alone; it is at home in the garret and in the cellar; in huge stone buildings with barred doors and windows; it walks with a shuffling gait

along the alleys and narrow streets; it has a furtive, startled glance or the glare of a wounded beast of prey; it cares not for the merry laughter of little children, or the buoyant mirth of youth; in the past it has nought but regrets; the present affords no pleasure; the future presents for it, only the hope of lust and gain—it is a devil fish extending its foul arms in all directions feeling for its prey; it is a vampire feeding on its own vitals—living a curse, dying a hideous nightmare of the past.

But brought into the light of day, and placed in contact with altruistic intelligence, it droops its head, not only displaying its inferiority, but recognizing its own despicable meanness.

There are some selfish to such a degree that they declare they take pride in being mean and sordid; but place them in a group less stunted than themselves and they will endeavor to cover up their selfishness and, so far as their dwarfed natures will permit, attempt to place themselves, for the time being at least, in harmony with the better element in which they find themselves.

Pointing out in a mild way the canker-worm, where selfishness predominates, in such a way as to show the selfish that they are found out and considered inferior in so far as they are selfish, will, I believe, do much to eliminate what is the greatest curse of modern civilization. Selfishness is of the nature of beasts of prey, and in so far as men consider themselves above the lower animals, just so much less should be their selfishness. It is a moral disease perhaps, possibly a mental one, but there are many other existing to-day that are much harder to cure in the ordinary case, though having much less serious results if left unchecked. That it has not been checked so far is apparently due to the admiration and adulation that have been heretofore bestowed upon the granddukes and archbishops of selfishness.

The symptoms of this universal canker have been treated as the disease, up to the present time, and as a consequence the disease is in no way disturbed. Let at least one aim of socialism be to eliminate selfishness; the former cannot permanently succeed while the latter is dominant. But the question will probably

arise as to just the exact means that should be adopted to uproot selfishness.

The answer cannot be given in the prescribed form of a mathematical or chemical formula. In my opinion, the first step towards this end lies in the way of learning to know ourselves. It is something none of us do at present—when we learn we shall be certainly more competent to judge each other, and as a consequence, know better what is in the interests of the race.

The whole is greater than its parts

(though few act in such a way as to indicate their belief in the axiom), but the various parts of the human race are made up of precisely the same elements, only varying in proportion—and, learning to know ourselves we learn to know each other.

And I believe that a knowledge of ourselves and of each other will show the fallacy of separateness—or selfishness—and the strength, permanence, and wisdom of socialism.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, NIAGARA.*

BY S. A. C.

SUCH is the title of a small volume lately issued from the William Briggs Publishing House, Toronto, and which ought to be in the possession of every Presbyterian in the Province of Ontario. It is the history of the second church belonging to Presbyterianism in the Province, the first being that of Williamstown, below Cornwall, 1787, just seven years earlier than St. Andrew's, Niagara. Naturally, the life of a hundred years of a second edifice involves that of the denomination to which it belongs. Change and chance, accident and event, figure alike in the spiritual as in the material domain; consequently, the reader of this interesting history will be reminded of much that is past in the career of Presbyterianism itself, as well as learn of war, fire, destruction, energy, courage and liberality, as part of the record of the church edifice and sustentation.

As the author remarks in introducing her subject: "In Ontario there have been several centennial celebrations within the last decade, notably, that of the settlement of Upper Canada, held in 1883; that of the first Parliament, in 1892; that of St. Mark's (the first English Church at Niagara), in the same year—1892—and that of the settlement of Glengarry, in 1894.

"Of these gatherings, three took place in Niagara, and now may be added a fourth, the commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the organization of the congregation of St. Andrew's, and the building of the first church edifice in Niagara."

One of the values of these centennial occasions is, that historians become active in research upon local subjects that, while solitarily of small account, are of importance, relatively, to other historic points. The idea had become pretty general, not only in the immediate district, but beyond it, that the English Church, St. Mark's, at Niagara, was the older of the "two frontier churches," as Miss Carnochan very appropriately termed them in a former work, but that lady's careful research, the witness of certain archives at Ottawa, and collection or a collation of established facts, have shown indisputably that, while the first organized body of worshippers in Niagara was that of the English Church under its first missionary, the subsequent rector, Rev. Robert Addison, the first church erection was that of St. Andrew's.

The occasion of the centennial year of the church was wisely turned into a sacred celebration, lasting three days, 18th, 19th, and 20th August, of which the programme is given at the end of the book.

* Centennial St. Andrew's Church, Niagara, 1794-1894.
By Janet Carnochan.

Happily the weather was lovely, and whoever knows Niagara will understand full well how delightful the old town appeared in the richest month of the year; and how its Sabbath quietude, broken only by the loud signal of the arriving or departing steamers to and from Toronto, contributed to the decorum and composure desirable on such an occasion. Very appropriately, a main feature in the arrangements was the invitation of as many of the old pastors and communicants of the church as could be reached, and the author gives a long list of names of these present, as well as of many of the descendants of the first members—most interesting reading.

The chief feature of the celebration, next to that of the commemoration services and sermons, was the paper prepared by Miss Carnochan, relating all that is to be known at present, for in history new points are continually cropping up, of the past existence of the church and congregation of St. Andrew's.

It is this paper which forms the main portion of the Centennial Volume. Much has been added further, so that the whole celebration is placed before the reader; and to the honor of Canadians, and to the lady herself in particular, the work done, even to seeing the book through the press, has been Miss Carnochan's, and the profit, which Presbyterians ought to find it a duty and a pleasure to make considerable, is her gift to the church—the church of her heart, and her spiritual home.

The limit of a notice like the present forbids very full review. We must, therefore, be content with noticing a very few of the numerous interesting points the work contains.

An old record book of the church has fortunately survived the "bright days and dark days, lightning stroke and tornado, booming cannon and blazing roof-trees" of the past century, and in this the historian found much treasure. One of the first entries is the agreement between the congregation and its first pastor, Rev. John Dun, in which "the undersigned," viz: "John Young" and "Ralfe Clench," obligate themselves to pay to him the sum of "three hundred pounds N.Y. cy., with house-room, for three years."

The old book contains as its first entry

the agreement, 23rd Sept., 1794, of the subscribers "for the purpose of building a Presbyterian Church in the town of Newark." Eighty names are affixed, with sums varying from 8s. to £10. Among the names are John Young, Andrew Heron, A. Gardiner, donors of £10 each, and Samuel Street, £8. The whole amount subscribed was £250.

The resolution to build a church is given in full, with its signatories—seven gentlemen—"all of Newark." The account of the steps taken, and the carrying out of them, is very full and complete. One small item, connected with the bell for the church, which was a very respectable erection, with steeple and belfry, puzzles the author a little. It savors of old times and the old country. In the items of expenses is a charge for "rope wetted,"—"whatever that may be," says the author. Wetting the rope simply means that whoever was appointed bell ringer treated the elders or other officials who had appointed him. They went to the nearest hotel, no doubt, probably Hinds', where the meeting was held that formulated the reason for building the church, and for the subscribers' lists, and drank a glass of ale round at the ringer's expense, with many pious toasts and wishes, no doubt. The custom is of the class of "footings" when a man entered a new workshop, or having fulfilled his apprenticeship honorably was admitted as "a lawful man." Such an one had to "stand treat all round," a pint of beer each being the usual custom. It is only a question of *autre temps autre mœurs*.

Among the earlier pastors of the church was Rev. John Burns. He seems, however, to have been a sort of bishop for the district, since he preached part of the time in other churches, at Stamford, for instance, and one of his sermons there "a solid exposition of duty to God, king, and country," as Miss Carnochan characterizes it, preached during the war of 1812, has been reproduced among its valuable publications by the Lundy's Lane Historical Society. Rev. John Burns was one of the first masters in Niagara District Grammar School, founded in 1808. He was also taken prisoner by the Americans, and preached, it is said, to his captors.

Strangely enough, though the old re-

cord book contains reference to the troubles occasioned by the uprising of 1837, not a word or line speaks of the war of 1812. The town of Niagara being, in 1813, for seven months in the hands of the enemy, the neighboring church of St. Mark's being used during that period for a barracks and a hospital, of which it still has the tokens, it is probable that the curator of the old record book of St. Andrew's, not knowing what might happen, put it in a safe place and only brought it forth again when the town, burnt to ashes by the enemy on that dark December night, rose again into something like order after the cruel war was over. The school-house was only injured in part by the fire, and here, until 1832, the congregation worshipped. St. Andrew's had the honor of holding the first Sunday-school in Niagara, and many pleasing reminiscences of the school are related.

The church has had many pastors in the course of its century of existence; four of the late ones were present at the Centennial celebration, and their portraits, as well as that of the present pastor, Rev. Nathaniel Smith, are given among others. The man who seems to have left the deepest impression on the life of the Church was the Rev. Robert McGill, sent from the Presbytery of Glasgow, and accompanied from Kingston by Rev. John Machar, the past Principal of Queen's University, and the father of the lady so well known in Canadian literature as "*Fidelis*." Many among the older members of the Presbyterian Church will like to be reminded by Rev. Mr. McGill's portrait, of the gown and bands then worn in the pulpit.

Another reminder of old times is the picture of the old pulpit, with its high back of fluted silk tightly drawn, its flights of broad steps, and its velvet cushion for the book. The authorities of the church have done well to preserve it, if only as a relic of the time when the galleries of the old church were as well filled as the floor, and there was but one pew and a half unlet. The town of Ni-

agara was then the centre of much industry now departed to other places.

Several members of the church in the past are mentioned with deserved honor, among them Mr. Andrew Heron, a man of exceeding liberality in money matters, treasurer to the church for many years, and a most patriotic and public-spirited citizen. Another, Mr. John Young, after whom the town on the opposite shore was named Youngstown, was also a most generous giver, and previous to the Centennial tablet unveiled on the first day, the only one in the church, was to his memory. It reads: "Sacred to the Memory of John Young, Esq., long a merchant of Niagara. Returning home in pain and infirmity, he was drowned in Lake Ontario, where his body rests awaiting the hour when the sea shall give up her dead. In his last illness concerned for the spiritual welfare of coming generations, he ordained a bequest for the perpetual maintenance of divine worship in this church. He met death July 29th, 1840, aged 73. 'Pray for the peace of Jerusalem, because of the House of the Lord I will seek thy good.'"

We need more John Youngs to-day.

Among the many visitors of importance were Sir Oliver Mowat, Hon. J. B. Robinson, formerly Lieut.-Governor of Ontario; Rev. Canon Arnold, and James Hiscott, Esq., M.P.P. The Premier's brother, Prof. J. P. Mowat, M.A., D.D., of Queen's University, who had been one of the pastors of the Church, took an active part in the Centennial services. Hon. Sir Oliver Mowat's speech, almost as interesting as the historical paper, is given in full, but it was found impossible to deal as liberally with others made on the occasion, nor indeed was it necessary, for the newspapers of the day had produced them.

A hymn composed by Miss Carnochan, for the occasion, formed part of one of the services, and will be read, with the gratitude it is intended to express, by all true Presbyterians, of whom Canada can boast a large proportion.

GABLE ENDS.

AN ABNORMAL SPECIMEN.

WITHIN a half-hour's ride of Lake Huron, in the very garden of Western Ontario, is the picturesque village of F—, where one may look at Nature's beauty of flower and fie'd, or listen to Nature's music in the early morning chorus of birds, and the vesper hymn of the evening thrush. In the month of June, 1892, having to visit this village in connection with an ordination service, I was royally entertained by my friend, Mr. S—, who has a passion for ornithology, and an eye for any rare and curious thing. In the course of a drive about the village, my friend said: "We have an educated gentleman here; let us go and call on him." While I was mentally pulling myself together and reviewing the rules of etiquette, in view of being presented to the "educated gentlemen," we turned a corner, and approached his "residence."

It was a low, one-story house, in the centre of a lot that was overgrown with grass and weeds. Evidently the proprietor was not an agriculturist. The front and only door, swung awkwardly back upon its broken hinges in answer to our knock, and we entered. The one room was furnished with a broken-backed chair, on which lay half a loaf of bread; a dilapidated lounge, and a shake-down bed that seemed to defy all the sanitary rules of the municipality. An antiquated stove competed with the floor for pure and unadulterated dirtiness.

The solitary occupant of this strange dwelling was a young man in the prime of life, whose name was H—. He received us with the confident air of a man accustomed to society, and at once began a conversation.

As I looked about the room I saw hanging on the wall a certificate of an exhibition examination of Oxford University, and several other evidences of scholarship. But the most striking feature of the establishment was the inside of the door. This was covered from top to bottom with inscriptions chalked in colors and in various styles of letter-

ing. The substance of these inscriptions was a series of proverbs from Latin, Greek, German, Spanish, French, Italian and Welsh writers; and they were all quoted in the original. The whole made a veritable curiosity, worthy of preservation in a much better form; and it is to be hoped that when the owner passes away the door may be secured in some local resting place. On the lounge lay a standard edition of the Greek Testament, which H— handled as one who understood its value, and several modern and classical authors. In his head this strange mortal carried a detailed knowledge of every important public work, railway tunnel, bridge, etc., and could give date of construction, gauge, height, and any other fact connected therewith. He was a walking encyclopædia on mechanical engineering.

The brief talk we had that day has never been forgotten, nor have I ceased to wonder by what course of unfavorable circumstances this young man had been led to this peculiar mode of living. A few days ago my friend secured a sketch of his life, which I hereby condense and present.

H— was born in Truro, Cornwall, England, August 23rd, 1860, where his father was rector of the parish of St. Mary's. His grandfather had been a Prebendary of the Established Church, and rector of the same church. His first steps to knowledge were taken under his father's direction, as he, with his brother and sister, received their daily drill of three hours, and he declares that what he then learned he has never forgotten. In 1871, he was sent to St. John's Foundation School at Lower Clapton, Middlesex, and he attended this institution till 1874, in which year he obtained a scholarship at Forest school, Walthamstow, Essex, worth between £60 and £70 per year. Entering there in January, 1875, he remained till Christmas, 1877. In March, 1878, H— entered Hertford College, Oxford, and by the end of 1879 he had passed two examinations. At this time, the Cornish Bank, and the Union Bank, of Helston,

Cornwall, failed; the rector was thereby reduced to penury, and the son was compelled to leave college. In 1880, H— obtained employment on the Stock Exchange in London. In 1882, his employer, through reverses, became bankrupt. He was, as he says, "cast upon the rocks!" For a while he lived precariously until he fell in with a young broker and began work once more. Soon, however, the broker was laid aside with brain fever and the office closed. From the trustees of the estate he received £15, and returned to his father's home. By the favor of a former Truro boy, who had amassed a fortune in the nitrate trade in Chili, he was offered a position on the Pacific coast. Borrowing £100 on the security of a life insurance policy, he sailed for Iquique, Chili, March 28th, 1883. Here fortune smiled upon him. He learned the Spanish language, and repaid the loan in a little over a year. Business then began to slacken. The Chilean dollar decreased in value, until it fell to 1s. 9d. sterling, and he became discouraged, obtained a passage to England for £30, sailed in the *Prince Oscar* in August, 1886, and after a journey of 115 days, landed at Falmouth just before Christmas.

Again he proceeded to London, and again he entered the Stock Exchange at a salary of £4 4s. per week. This position he held till April, 1887, when, from the effects of the Chilean climate, he was seized with dropsy and paralysis, and was helpless for six months. It was not until 1890 that he had so far recovered as to accompany his brother to Canada. The two landed in Halifax in April, 1890, and reached the village of F— on the 7th of the same month, where the brother held a position as lighthouse-keeper on Lake Huron. Here H— abides to this day, maintaining himself by doing odd jobs of painting, lettering the hotel register in all manner of styles, and occasionally giving private lessons in French. He is an ardent Episcopalian, and has a profound contempt for "schism shops," as he calls the non-conformist churches.

Here is a strange story of a living man, and it contains material for a novel. It also suggests the question as to why one who has the manners and speech of a cultured gentleman should be content with

the life and surroundings of a tramp. As I stood and talked with him that bright June day, I thought I could detect a weakness in the eye that betokened a lack of steady purpose. The story of his life is one of vicissitude and of difficulties, yet not greater than have fallen to the lot of many brave men, and have been surmounted; and it would seem that here is an example of abnormal development, often met with in the study of men and of nature. Truly, as the Scotch women say: "There's nought so queer as folk."

REV. P. K. DAYFOOT, M.A.

HOW LIEUT. TOM B. "GOT SQUARE" —A SOLDIER'S REMINISCENCE.

A GOOD story is told of how Lieut. Tom B— paid off two old scores at a military reunion held in K—, some years after the late civil war in the United States.

Tom, who was a practical joker and lived in K—, never had a chance since the war ended of settling up with Major B— and Col. S—. These two gentlemen, unfortunately for themselves, were not acquainted with one another, but they were with Tom, who had often made them his victims. At last, however, an opportunity had been given each for retaliation, and it was this which Tom determined to even off, when one morning, some days before the date set for the reunion, he received word from each of the worthy officers requesting that he look up rooms for them. This he did by engaging a single room for both.

Early on the first day of the reunion, Tom was at the station to meet the colonel, who arrived before the major. After greeting each other warmly, the colonel asked him what arrangements he had made.

"The best I could," said Tom, "but in spite of it all, old fellow, you've got to have a room-mate, a Major B—. He's a regular gentleman, though, and one of my best friends."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the colonel, "I shall be pleased to make his acquaintance."

"Well, you see, it's this way," continued Tom; "he—well, perhaps, I shouldn't tell you—but, *entre nous*, you know he met with a misfortune before

the war, was bitten by a dog, in fact, and every year he is so unfortunate as to have a return of some nervous disturbance resembling the rabies, which, if it is not stopped, sometimes lasts for two or three days, and it is just about now that they will be coming on again."

"The deuce!" exclaimed the colonel; "why, I might get bitten! is he very violent?"

"Yes, very violent, colonel," said Tom, "and that's what I want to tell you about, for I found out, while we were in camp together, that he can be made as gentle as a kitten by merely having a comb handy; and as soon as he begins to bark or act in a violent way, just comb his hair for all your worth. He'll jerk around a bit at first, but you must not mind that; grasp him tight around the neck and keep at it until he stops the barking, and then he will drop off to sleep as quietly as a child."

"Humph," half grunted the colonel, "that's kind of queer, but I suppose I can manage it."

Having seen the colonel to his room, Tom returned to the station to meet the major, who was to arrive on a later train. This soon steamed in, and after a hearty interchange of compliments, Tom led the way to a hack. During the drive he told the major of the colonel's arrival, and that owing to the lack of accommodation, they would have to sleep together. The major seemed very agreeable to this, and made no comment until Tom *incidentally* mentioned that the colonel was accustomed to have violent fits almost every night, commencing with a slight restlessness after retiring, and ending, if not stopped, in frightful paroxysms. At this declaration the major's face was a study.

"Cannon balls and sabres! My dear boy, I can't sleep with him!" he finally blurted out.

"Oh," said Tom, "but wait until I have finished. It seems that he has a sort of hallucination that some one is pursuing him, and we have found out that the barking of a dog makes him think that his pursuer is frightened away. So, just as soon as you notice that he is getting at all restless, all you have to do is to bark a little, and he will quiet down at once, and drop off to sleep."

"Well," said the major, after some hesitation, "I guess I can do that much for him."

And thus was the plan for the joke laid. As may readily be imagined, the introduction between the colonel and the major was somewhat constrained. The glances of suspicious sympathy which they interchanged during the day increased as the hour for sleep drew near. The colonel, who was an early riser, was the first to retire, and after he had entered his room he began to think over what Tom had told him, and the more he thought of it, the more he thought it would be advisable for him to get to bed with most of his clothing on. So, taking off his coat and boots, he selected from his baggage what seemed to be the strongest and most formidable-looking comb, and put it under his pillow. Then he got into bed and pulled up the clothes.

He had scarcely done this when he heard peculiar sounds coming from the hallway. It was the major, who, now that the critical time was coming on, began to wonder what kind of a dog-bark this friend of Tom's preferred, whether one of the black-and-tan sort would do, or if one of the bulldog species would be more effective. As he thought over this, he began to wonder whether or not he could make any kind of a dog-bark at all, and, anxious to settle himself on this point, he uttered a few specimens of bark in an undertone, as he ascended the stairway. Not feeling very well satisfied with the result, he uttered a few more in a louder key. It was these latter which the colonel heard.

"Good lordy," he murmured, "there's the major, and he's got the rabies already," and he broke out into a cold sweat, as the picture rose in his mind of that worthy officer frothing at the mouth and gnashing his teeth.

"Shades of Pontiac," he continued, as the sounds grew plainer, "I wonder whether I had better get behind the door and spring on him as he comes in, or wait and see if he has them bad."

Before he could well decide which to do, he hurriedly got into bed and the major entered, and, after glancing quickly around the room, half expecting to see the colonel in a fit, he sat down

and began to take off his boots. As he continued disrobing, he cast furtive glances toward his undesirable roommate, and noticed that the latter's clothing was nowhere to be seen. The only reasonable conclusion was that he had them on. This fact caused the major to feel a little weak in the knees, for he naturally inferred that the colonel, anticipating a fit in a strange place, had not thought it advisable to disrobe. However, he controlled his emotions, courageously blew out the light, and got into bed, but not to sleep. Having composed himself, he began to watch, and to wonder how long it would be before he would have to bark. As for the colonel, he lay with thumping heart, wondering also how long it would be before the major would have his rabies, so that he could comb him.

This state of things lasted for nearly half an hour, and it seemed half a century to the worthy officers. At last the colonel could stand it no longer, and coming to the conclusion that a combing might do the major good anyway, and would settle the matter for the night, he turned and began to feel for his comb. These movements, unfortunately for himself, were misconstrued by the major, who was waiting for the slightest motion,—“Bow-wow-wow,” he exclaimed, half interrogatively.

By this time the colonel had got his comb, and, raising himself up quickly, confident that he was about to do a charitable act, he reached over and drew it several times rapidly across the scalp of the astonished major. The latter uttered a yell of anguish, and then, suddenly recollecting that he must bark to quiet the colonel, continued; “Caw-wow! Bow-wow-wow! Bow-wow-wow-wow! Bow-wow-wow-wow-wow-wow!”

At this, the colonel, fully assured that his bedfellow was indeed mad, began to get in his fine work. After some effort he managed to get the major around the neck, and he then proceeded to tear out with his comb that poor worthy's few remaining hairs. To this barbarous proceeding, the major, forgetting to bark, showed his objection by using his fists and yelling for help. The struggle was continued from the bed to the floor, and at last the noise attracted the attention

of the other guests, who, after some trouble, forced open the door.

The sight that met their gaze was most comical. On the floor lay the half-strangled major, his night raiment in tatters, and his scalp, furrowed in every direction by the merciless comb, was bleeding profusely. With one arm tightly around his opponent's neck, lay the colonel, plying his comb, which had now lost many of its teeth, with that vigor which only the fear of being bitten could give. The major was using his fists with telling effect, but the colonel dare not let go. At the entrance of the other guests, he pleaded loudly for someone to hold the major, in order that he could comb him more rapidly; while the major called for somebody to take off the colonel and bark,—that he had a fit. At last, to the terror of the latter, who expected to see his quondam bedfellow bite everything before him, they were separated.

When their respective wounds had been plastered and bandaged, each told his side of the story, and, after comparing notes, it finally began to dawn upon all that a huge joke had been played, and that two of Uncle Sam's leading soldiers were the victims.

Then the major wanted gore. So did the colonel. But Tom, who knew them of old, had, with provident forethought, left town until their wounded feelings had become somewhat soothed, when, as he was well aware, they would join forces and endeavor to return his favor. And did they? Yes, and succeeded too, but that would make another story.

ARTHUR C. LYONS.

A SOFT SNAP.—“I t'ought yer told me,” said Hungry Higgins, as he climbed the snake fence with unusual agility, an' shuffled towards his tattered comrade on the highway—“dat yer always struck a soft snap at dat house.”

“Dat's what I said,” replied Seedy Slocum, as he extracted with difficulty a pinch of tobacco-dust from his coat pocket to replenish his pipe. “Didn't yer find it that way?”

“Naw! De fust word I said, de old jay sot de dorg onto me.”

“Jest like he allers does, Hungry. But de dorg's too old to bite.”—P.T.

EASILY NUMBERED.

Old Mr. Plugwinch's pronounced and aggressive baldness has for some time been a continual source of wonder and curiosity to his little grandson, Willie, who, when the old gentleman calls, never fails to take stock of his shimmering expanse of cranium. One Sunday recently, when Willie accompanied the family to church, the pastor gave out as his text, "For the very hairs of your head are all numbered."

"Ma," whispered Willie. "I say, ma, I know grand-pa's number. It's three."

—P. T.

RE-ASSURED.—"I have a last request to make of you, George," feebly gasped the dying woman.

"Anything, anything," sobbed the heart-broken husband. "I will do anything you wish."

"Then promise me on your sacred honor that you will marry Ethel Bangs, your typewriter."

He started up with a look in which astonishment and half-veiled satisfaction seemed to wrestle for the mastery.

"You mean"—he stammered, "that—I will *not* marry her."

"No, George, I mean what I say. Promise me faithfully that she shall be your wife."

"Why, my darling, if that is really your wish, I promise it."

"Thank heaven, I can now die happy," she faintly murmured, "for you never kept a promise you ever made to me."

P. T.

AN ANARCHIST GRIEVANCE.—"So, prisoner," said the French judge before whom they had arraigned the anarchist, "you admit, then, that you threw the bomb?"

"Yes," answered the accused, defiantly.

"Have you anything to say in exculpation of your atrocious offence?"

"Ah, yes. It was forced upon me. I was driven to the act by the cruel oppression of society."

"How so?"

"Every way. The people are enslaved. Why, nowadays, they even construct the lamp posts so that it is impossible to hang a bourgeois upon them!"—P. T.

APPROPRIATE, IF NOT ACCURATE.

UNCLE Jedediah Simcoe and his son Frank from Nottawasaga Township, had gone down to New York on an excursion. After taking in the sights one morning, they found themselves some distance from their hotel, and stopped at the first convenient place, for uncle. It happened to be one of the French restaurants, now so popular in the metropolis. Everything was French—the dishes, the waiters, and the *m m*. Uncle Jedediah was puzzled. He glanced hopelessly over the bill of fare, not knowing what to order.

"Durned ef I don't b'lieve the blame thing is French or suthin', I can't read a word of it," he said.

"I guess it is, father," said Frank.

"Well, you larnt French to the academy fur two quarters; I guess you'd orter be able to make her out."

"Why certainly, father, hand it over," said the young man, assuming a confidence that he by no means felt. "Um—um—this Noo York French is some different from what we learned—Yes, I can read it though. 'Pate de fois gras,' (making a desperate bluff at it), that means—let me see—'pie of great faith,' father."

"Does it though?" said Uncle Jedediah, admiringly, "Well now, they is some sense to it after all, for it requires a mighty sight of faith to swaller most of these furrin' fixins."

P. T.

THE NEW PROPAGANDISM.—She—Who is that distinguished looking man?

He—Oh, that's Dr. Fadsharpe, the founder of a new school of religious thought.

She—How very interesting! What's the title of his novel?—P. T.

CRUEL—Miss Passay—If there's anything I do hate it is to be taken for an "advanced" woman.

Miss Sardou.—Yes, I suppose so; but, time will tell, you know.—P. T.

QUITE THE CONTRARY.—Joblots—Do you find any trouble in meeting your paper these times?

Hardup.—Not the least. I meet it everywhere. My trouble is in avoiding it.—P. T.

STORY-BOOK INDIANS.

It's funny about Indians,
In the stories which I've read ;
White men is always killing 'em,
And yet they aint all dead.

The hero of the prairies,
Who hankers for their gore,
Can kill a dozen every day,
And always finds lots more.

They are blood-thirsty savages,
And scalping's their delight,
And they're dreadful easy whipped,
Each time they try to fight.

And though they live by hunting,
And kill no end of game,
When shooting at a white man,
They always miss their aim.

But when the hunter fools 'em
By sticking out his hat,
So he can draw their fire,
They always riddle that.

And when they take a captive,
He's bound in such a shape,
He never has much trouble
In making his escape.

I never knew them get a chance
To torture him next day ;
You'd think by this time they'd have learned
To kill him right away.

They cannot speak much English,
Few words is all they know—
"Ugh ? The big chief ! kill pale-face !" —
They call all white men so.

But when they want to make a speech,
They use fine language then,
And talk like Daniel Webster did,
And other famous men.

It's very funny all the things
That Indians seem to do ;
I sometimes think the story-books
Can't be exactly true !

—PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

EPICAL.—Professor—Which is the most
celebrated Latin epic, Mr. Callow ?
Freshman.—Epic-tetus.—P.T.

THOROUGHLY TESTED.—Tombrown—
Is Bostwick a hard student ?

Billgreen.—He must be. There were
half a dozen jumping on him at the last
football match, and he survived.—P.T.

PUT TO THE TEST.

"To serve you, I'd go to the ends of the
earth,"

He said ; but it gave him a shock,
When she answered with somewhat con-
temptuous mirth,

"Well, then, just take a walk round the
block."

—P.T.

A PLEA IN MITIGATION.—Seedy Slocum
—Wot's dis I hear about you, Mike. Dey
tells me dat you's been disgracin' de pro-
fesh by workin' ! Dat so ?

Meandering Mike.—(*Apologetically*)—
Yes, Seedy—but, say, ol' man, dey gin me
a job in a brewery—all de booze yer kin
git away with, yer know.

Seedy Slocum.—(*Thoughtfully*), Well,
we mightn't none of us be able to stan'
that temptation.—P.T.

ANCIENT AND MODERN POLITICS.—"It
is the duty of every citizen," said the
Professor, "to take an active interest in
politics. The original meaning of the
word 'idiot' in the Greek is, 'one who
takes no part in public affairs.'"

The Thoughtful Student passed his
hand over his brow reflectively, and talked
in a hesitating sort of way at the Pro-
fessor.

"Well, Mr. Grinder," said the latter en-
couragingly, "Does it suggest any id a to
you ?"

"Not particularly," replied the Thought-
ful Student. "It just occurred to me
though, that the man who invented the
w. rd had evidently never attended a sit-
ting of the Legislature."—P.T.

THE WESTERN WAY.—Buckskin Joe
of Deadman's Gulch had come east to
New York to settle up some business, and
was told by his lawyer that several hun-
dred dollars was deposited to his credit in
the bank.

"That's all right, pard," he said, "but
spos'in I want to git the dust, how do I
go about it ?"

"Oh, nothing easier. All you have to
do is to draw on the bank, you know."

"Draw on 'em ! All right, pard, if you
say so. I allers knowed you Noo York
sharp was bound to play to skin game,
but I didn't expect to have to hold a man
up with a shootin' iron to git my own.—
P.T.

ANECDOTES.

On one occasion, when the great Lord Chesterfield was present, the Duchess of Marlborough was urging the Duke to take some medicine, contrary to his inclination. At length she said, vehemently: "Do, my Lord, take it; I'll be hanged if it will not do you good." Lord Chesterfield joined in her grace's entreaty, and slyly said:—"Take it, my Lord; it will certainly do you good one way or the other."

A gentleman in Britain made a bet with his wife's brother on the result of the division on the Malt Tax; but, before the bet could be decided, the poor young man was gone "to that undiscovered land, from whose bourn no traveller returns." To most people, this would have been a case of difficulty; not so to a man of real business. Scarcely had the important intelligence of the majority against the repeal arrived, when he was called to attend his wife, who was taken suddenly ill, and thought to be dying. On entering her apartment, "I am dying," faintly articulated the lady, "indeed, I feel myself going." This was too good an opportunity to be lost. "If you *must* go, my love," said the affectionate husband, "should you see your brother, Tom, my dear, you will tell him I have won the bet on the Malt tax by a majority of 158."

In the reign of George II, the see of York falling vacant, his Majesty, being at a loss for a fit person to appoint to the exalted position, asked the opinion of the Rev. Dr. Mountain, who had raised himself, by his remarkable facetiousness, from being the son of a beggar to the see of

Durham. The Doctor wittingly replied, "Had'st thou faith as a grain of mustard seed, thou would'st say to this Mountain (at the same time laying his hand on his breast), 'be removed and be cast into the sea (see).'" His Majesty laughed heartily, and forthwith conferred the preferment on the Doctor.

A Mr Hare breakfasted once with the celebrated Mr. Fox, whose dealings with the Jews was pretty extensive. Looking out of the window, he perceived a number of the money-hunting tribe about the door, upon which he called out: "Pray, gentlemen, are ye fox-hunting or hare-hunting this morning?"

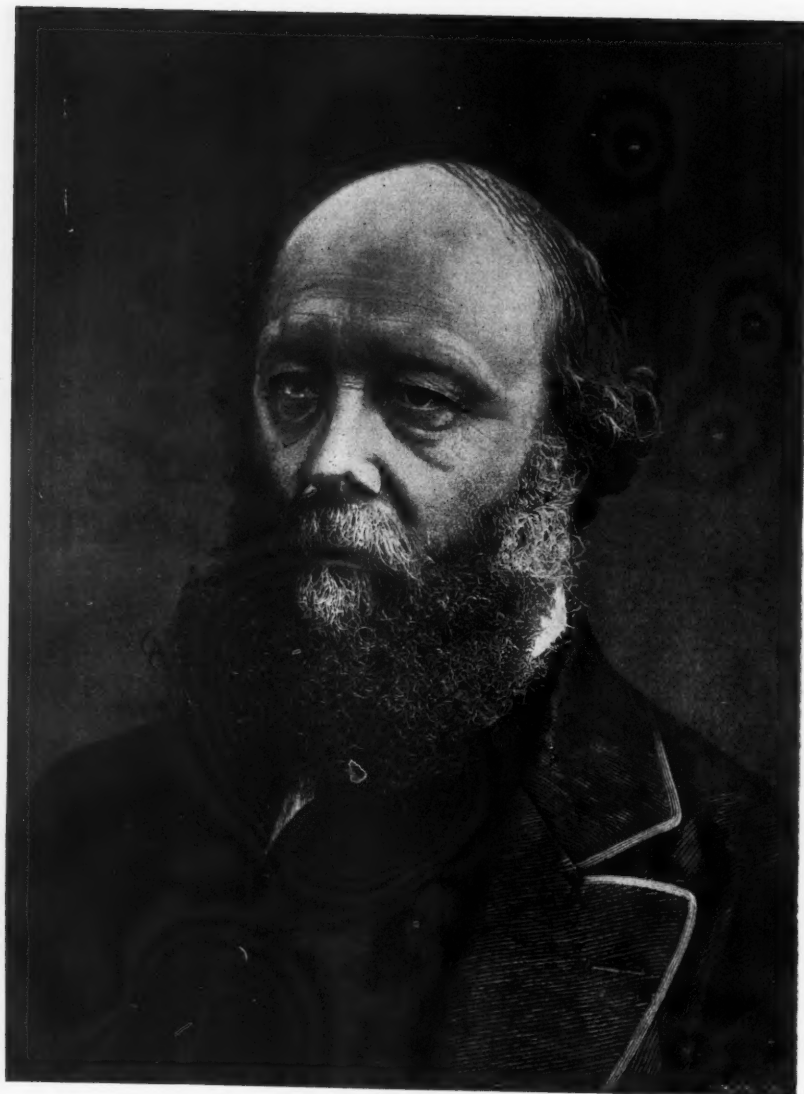
Milton was asked by a friend whether he would instruct his daughter in the different languages. To which he replied: "No, sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

A lady, some time back, on a visit to the British Museum, asked the person in attendance if they had a *skull* of *Oliver Cromwell*. Being answered in the negative, "Dear me," said she, "that's very strange; they have one at Oxford."

An Irish gentleman was in company with a beautiful young lady to whom he was paying his addresses; when, on giving a shudder, she made use of the common expression that "someone is walking over my grave." Pat, anxious for every opportunity of paying a compliment to his mistress, exclaimed:—"By the powers, ma dam, but I wish I was the happy man."

—PHILIP LAWDESHAYNE.





THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

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